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BRAKEMAN SAVES CHILD FROM DEATH ON RAILS

Daring Rescue from Pilot of Moving Locomotive.

H. E. DUEY REAL HERO

Young Son of J. Yanck, at Clarence Narrowly Escaped being Crushed to Death—Saved by Quick Wit and Bravery of Train Crew.

The quick wit and daring bravery of H. E. Duey, of Tyrone, a Pennsylvania Railroad brakeman, saved the little son of J. Yanck from a horrible death on the rails near Clarence on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Duey crawled out upon the pilot of a rapidly moving locomotive and seized the child just when it seemed certain that it would be crushed to death underneath the ponderous wheels.

Yard engine No. 1588, of Snow Shoe, was hauling a heavy train from Mine No. 25, near Clarence. Engineer A. H. Rown, of Snow Shoe, was at the throttle, with A. T. Irvin, of Bellefonte, as fireman. Mr. Duey was the front brakeman. The locomotive and heavy train were drifting down a long grade and just as they rounded a short curve the crew observed the little Yanck boy playing in the middle of the track.

In an instant the crew grasped the situation. The men realized that the train could not be stopped in time to avoid striking the child. Without hesitating for a second Mr. Duey climbed out to the pilot of the locomotive and reaching forward seized the child and lifted it to a point of safety. It all happened so quickly that the child was totally unconscious of danger. Mr. Duey and others of the crew were warmly congratulated for saving the child's life. The little fellow's parents reside at Clarence.

THAW DECLARED SANE

Jury in New York Returns Verdict in His Favor—Out but 48 Minutes.

The jury in the Harry Thaw case which has been on trial in New York for some time past, on Wednesday returned a verdict that Thaw is sane. The verdict was reached after but forty-eight minutes' deliberation. Thaw has not been set free at yet, but it is likely that he will be discharged at any time.

Thaw was originally declared insane and committed to Matteawan asylum in New York, following the murder of Stanford White. The latter was shot and killed by Thaw who claimed that White had betrayed Thaw's wife, known on the stage as Evelyn Nesbit.

Child's Leg Amputated.

Mary, the 10 years old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Barnhart, was recently the victim of a sad accident. As a result it was found necessary to amputate her left leg at the knee. The operation was performed at the Bellefonte hospital by Dr. Ball, of Lock Haven. The child rallied nicely and is recovering as rapidly as could be expected. Some weeks ago while she was at play nearby her home a small stone thrown by another child struck her a glancing blow on the leg. She thought nothing of the matter at the time and it was not until some days later that she experienced any discomfort. The bruise seemed to spread and physicians were called in. She was removed to the hospital and after undergoing treatment for a time was discharged. She was home but a short time when the injured leg gave her further trouble, finally breaking out at the ankle. She was removed to the hospital the second time and then it was determined that amputation was necessary to save the child's life. The operation was performed on Friday, July 2d. The little girl is bearing up so bravely as to command the admiration of those at her bedside.

Berry Crates by Parcel Post.

Postmaster General Burleson at Washington on Tuesday ordered that the size limit of packages for parcel post shipment be increased to a combined length and girth of 84 inches, which will permit the mailing of standard-sized fruit and berry crates. The old limit was 72 inches length and girth, and there has been a widespread demand for its increase.

The Postmaster General also authorized the establishment of a receipt system for parcel postpackages similar to that employed by express companies.

"The new regulation," says a department statement, "provides that on payment of one cent, the postmaster at the mailing office may give the sender of an ordinary parcel of fourth class mail a receipt therefor. A postage stamp to cover the charge for the receipt will be affixed to the parcel, and the name and the address of the addresses shall be written in the receipt by the sender."

TROOP L ON HIKE

Guardsmen Have Forty Mile Journey and Camp at Night in Pouring Rain.

Troop L, First Cavalry, N. G. P., Captain Wm. H. Brown commanding, recently engaged in a forty mile hike that gave the boys a taste of experience that soldiers encounter when actually in the field. The Troop left Bellefonte on Saturday, July 3d, and after traveling over a considerable stretch of country pitched camp that night in a field at the Burdine Butler farm, below Howard. All manner of field maneuvers were engaged in, at times troopers being stationed all through the lower Bald Eagle valley.

Sunday night found the Troop in camp in a field at the Thomas Beaver farm. It was perhaps the stormiest night most of the troopers ever experienced. Rain fell in torrents and fairly swamped the camp. All of the boys were soaked to the skin and it required several days to dry out clothing, blankets, etc. An interesting feature was a running skirmish battle between Zion and Bellefonte, blank cartridges being used.

Troop L will depart in a special train on Friday night, July 23d, at 9.30 o'clock, for the annual encampment at Mt. Gretna. The Troop will travel in a special train, consisting of two passenger coaches, a baggage car and three horse cars.

HARRY TONER CAPTURED

Escaped Parole Prisoner Nabbed in New Jersey—Must Serve 7 Years.

Word was received here this week that Harry Toner had been located and arrested at Morristown, New Jersey. Several months ago young Toner skipped out with $28 or $30 and a bicycle belonging to Jacob Hoy, of near Shiloh. He had been working for the Hoy family on the farm and skipped out during the family's absence. A warrant for his arrest was issued, but he was finally located by officials of the Western Penitentiary.

Toner was a paroled prisoner from the Western Penitentiary, having been sent up originally for a term of seven years. He was released on parole after serving a part of his term. As a result of his recent escapade he will have to serve seven additional years at Pittsburgh.

HUNTERS LICENSES READY

County Treasurer Miller Now Prepared to Furnish Necessary Tags.

County Treasurer John D. Miller announces that he is now prepared to furnish hunters licenses to all who apply. The rate this year is the same as last, $1 per license.

Where application is made in person the only charge for a license is $1. Where applications are made by mail applicants are required to remit 2 cents additional to cover postage.

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

George Davy, Alma G. Daughenbaugh,	Blanchard Howard
Henry Watson, Alice Miller,	Milesburg Bellefonte
George W. Wythe, Gladys R. Peters,	Philipsburg "
George Gottscholl, Mabel A. Maney,	Philipsburg "
Clair Nicholas, Maud C. Stover,	Aaronsburg "
Lewis Bungo, Annie Koontchck,	Madera Pa. Philipsburg
Musser E. Colcren, Carrie R. Kreitzer,	Centre Hall "
Lester McClure, Ora Bickel,	Lock Haven Mill Hall
Joseph B. Kahler, Margaret E. Stutzman,	Williamsport "
Eleanor Barto, Carrie Ellenberger,	Warriors Mark Marengo

Hospital Notes.

Operations—Mrs. Laura Kuhn, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, State College; Thomas Hagemean, Dix Run.

Admitted for treatment—Mrs. Bertha Sabo, Clarence; William Johnsonbaugh, Pleasant Gap, Robert Miller, Mrs. Mayme Nighthart, Life Tate, Bellefonte.

Discharged—Mrs. Nora Bloom, Gatesburg; Mrs. Edith Waite, Mrs. Clara Lyons, Bellefonte; Miss Cora Homan, Centre Hall; John Karats, George Patache, Snow Shoe; Ruth Granville; Unionville.

Last Days for Registration.

Tuesday and Wednesday, July 20th and 21st, will be the last days on which persons may be registered to qualify for voting at the primaries on September 21st. If you are not registered do not neglect this important requirement.

The Board of Prison Inspectors from Pittsburgh are expected to arrive here today to inspect work at the new penitentiary.

HUSBAND CHARGED HE LOST WIFE AND $500

Woman and Her Admirer Released after Hearing.

MONEY NOT RECOVERED

Mrs Frank Wasnack and Medro Pedro Skipped out from Snow Shoe, Remained Here over Night and were Arrested at Lewisburg.

When Frank Wasnack, of Snow Shoe, recently discovered that his wife was missing, that upward of $500 hard-earned money was also gone, and furthermore that Medro Pedro, a secret admirer of Mrs. Wasnack, had disappeared, he quite naturally concluded that something was radically wrong with things in general and his domestic happiness in particular. After some rapid calculating the offended husband concluded that his wife, the $500 and Medro Pedro were somewhere together and decided to invoke the law. In this he was successful so far as temporary results were concerned, but in the end he lost his wife and also failed in his efforts to recover his money.

When Wasnack learned that his wife and Pedro had disappeared from Snow Shoe and also that $500 had been taken from his home, he telephoned to Chief of Police Dukeman at Bellefonte. This was on Monday of last week. Chief Dukeman discovered that the eloping couple had spent the night at the Bush House and had departed the following morning on the early train to Lewisburg. He telephoned to a constable at Coburn and asked that Mrs. Wasnack and Pedro be taken off the train. The constable was reluctant to make the arrest without a proper warrant and the elopers passed Coburn without interference. When they arrived at Lewisburg, however, they were taken into custody and later were returned to Bellefonte.

Constable Solomon Confer, of Snow Shoe, accompanied Mr. Wasnack to Bellefonte and the latter had a warrant issued for the arrest of his wife and Pedro. They were given a hearing before Squire Henry Brown, but Mrs. Wasnack denied all knowledge of the missing $500. As between her husband and Pedro, however, she made it known that her affections were for Pedro. The taking of the money could not be established and the couple were discharged after paying the costs.

Minus his wife and his money Mr. Wasnack returned to his home at Snow Shoe. Mrs. Wasnack and Pedro boarded the first train out of Bellefonte to resume their hastily planned journey to parts unknown.

Candidate for County Auditor.

Clement H. Gramley, of Rebersburg, this week formally enters the field as a candidate for Republican nomination for County Auditor. Having tossed his hat into the ring Clem may be expected to make an energetic canvass to capture the honor. He is a whole-souled, good fellow, an excellent type of citizen and has a host of friends in all parts of the county. Four years ago Mr. Gramley was an aspirant for County Auditor and put up a good, clean fight at the polls. He went down in the Democratic landslide of that year, but he took his defeat gracefully and never allowed it to deter him in his party support. He cordially asks the kindly influence and assistance of all Republicans at the primaries on September 21st.

Millions of Eggs Stored.

Reports received by the State Agricultural Department at Harrisburg are to the effect that on June 30th 18,800,169 dozens of eggs were in storage in Pennsylvania. Other storage records of that date included 4,965,877 pounds of butter, 2,361,431 pounds of poultry and 1,800,188 pounds of fish.

Ward Green in Trouble.

Ward Green, a young colored man, was arrested several days ago and lodged in jail charged with the theft of some money from Clyde Blackford's restaurant About $75 was taken, of which amount $43 was recovered from young Green following his arrest.

Brickley to Coach State.

The Pittsburgh "Dispatch" last Friday published an announcement that Charles Brickley, the famous Harvard football player, has been engaged to coach the Penn State football eleven next fall. No official announcement has thus far been made.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

OLD HOME WEEK WAS CROWNED WITH SUCCESS

Fully Fifty Thousand Visitors Attended Celebration.

SEN. PENROSE SPEAKS

Delivers Interesting Address on Notable Part Taken in Affairs by Centre County—Prizes Awarded to Winners in Big Parades.

Centre County's Old Home Week was too big an affair for even the Weather Man to interfere with, which means that it was "some" celebration. It was a success in every respect. Fifty thousand or more persons were in Bellefonte during the week, Monday being the banner day with a crowd of perhaps 20,000. While everything connected with the big celebration was a success in its own way standing out conspicuously was the fact, that a more orderly throng of persons probably never assembled here or at any other place. During the entire week there were but ten arrests, and these were of "old timers" who were gathered in for being intoxicated. Several times inclement weather threatened to mar the festivities, but happily the elements concluded that Old Home Week comes but once in many years and gave Centre County the better end of the deal. The first day or two were anything but propitious, but with Monday good weather prevailed and the tremendous crowd that arrived on that day almost swamped the good, old town.

The crowd for the week was up to expectations, even though there were not so many former residents on hand as had been hoped for. This was no doubt due to the fact that the celebration was planned on rather short notice for many living at far distant points. On the other hand the number of visitors from towns within a radius of one hundred and one hundred and fifty miles was even greater than some had anticipated. Some there were who thought that Monday's tremendous crowd marked the finish of the celebration, but Tuesday witnessed another big outpouring of people and the same was also true of Wednesday

The large throng of visitors looked forward to high class entertainment features and fine parades. In this they were more than pleased. There was not one of the four big free attractions that was not a pleasing success. Aviator Richter was a star. His airship flights captivated the crowds on each day. He demonstrated that he was an exhibitor who was "there with the goods." He had a fine machine and furthermore at all times had it under perfect control. No finer flights have ever been witnessed in central Pennsylvania. The Aerial Howards with their spectacular high wire act proved to be another winner. Their exhibit was beautiful to look at and always attracted a large crowd. Edward Geer was another big card. His feats on the trapeze were spectacular and made a hit. Nervo was the one disappointment, and in his case it was partly excusable. In his first head-foremost dive from the roof of the Bush House the platform in the street gave way five or six inches on the one side and precipitated him into the street. The wonder was that he escaped instant death. He was pretty badly shaken up and if the accident caused him to be stiff and sore, and perhaps lose confidence in himself for the time being, it was not to be wondered at. He did not again attempt to dive from the Bush House, but he did make several dives from a ladder at the island.

The formalities were opened with a welcome meeting at the Court House on Friday morning, Burgess Blanchard and Col. H. S. Taylor being the speakers. Col. Taylor delivered a fine address, eulogizing Curtin, Beaver and Hastings, Bellefonte's three Governors. The weather on Saturday was hardly favorable for outdoor festivities. On Sunday special Old Home Week services were held in the several churches. Sunday evening the famous Tyrone shop band gave a sacred concert in the Diamond that was greatly enjoyed.

Monday morning about four o'clock it began to rain and for a time there was a terrific downpour, but this proved to be a blessing in disguise, for hundreds of farmers were unable to work in the fields and accordingly came to town. Each incoming train was jammed to capacity. To a large and enthusiastic crowd United States Senator Penrose delivered the principal address of the day. There was no reference to politics, his remarks being along historical lines and the large part played in public affairs by Centre County and Centre Countians. His address is published elsewhere in this newspaper. The fraternal parade Monday morning, the civic and automobile parades on Tuesday and the industrial parade on Wednesday were big features of those days. The industrial parade was perhaps the most elaborate ever held in this section and reflected the greatest credit on local and nearby business houses. On Thursday the Mitchell automobile was given away. The recipient was Thomas Griffith, of Philipsburg, formerly of Marsh Creek.

In a financial way, the event was anything but a failure. With all bills in and paid the committee found a shortage of something like $500, whereas many persons feared the amount would be nearer $2,000. A few side issues for wiping out this indebtedness were employed and the shortage was greatly reduced. To one and all who aided in arranging for the celebrationis due the greatest credit. It is not likely that Centre County will have another Old Home Week for many years to come, and that of last week will long be pleasantly remembered by all who were so fortunate as to be here.

PRIZES AWARDED.

The following prizes were awarded to participants in parades:—

Fireman's & Civic:—Largest Company in line, $50, Citizens Hose Company, of Lock Haven; best appearing Company, $50, Hope Hose Company, of Lock Haven; best drilled team, $50, Rescue Fire Company, of Curwensville; Company coming longest distance, $25, Rescue Fire Company, of Curwensville. Tallest firemen in line, $5, Charles Burd, of Lock Haven; shortest fireman in line, $5, Dare Lawrence, of Lock Haven. Judges S. D. Gettig, S. B. Miller and W. F. Reynolds. Band prizes: First prize, $50, Our Boys Band of Milesburg; second prize, $25, Lockport Band. Judges, P. H. Meyer, Christie Smith and J. P. Potteiger

Fraternal:—First prize, $25, largest organization in line, Bellefonte Lodge I. O. O. F., contributed to Sunbury Orphanage band. Best uniformed Company, $25, Red Men, of Bellefonte; Company coming longest distance, $25, Half-Moon Lodge, I. O. O. F. Best band, $15, Our Boys Band of Milesburg, contributed to Sunbury Orphanage band. best float, $10, Bellefonte Lodge Loyal Order of Moose; second best float, $5, Maccabees, of Bellefonte. Judges, Clarence Garbrick, C. L. Gramley and P. H. Meyer.

Automobile:—First prize, $15, L. H. Gettig; second prize, $10. Charles F. Mensch. Judges, Mrs. Edmund Blanchard, Mrs. J. L. Montgomery and Miss Mary G. Meek.

Industrial:—Handsomest float, $20, Agricultural Department of Penna. State College, contributed to Bellefonte hospital; best idea of an industry, $10, Bellefonte Engineering Company; most artistic float, representing a Centre County industry, $10, Bellefonte Basket Shop; most original idea representing a Centre County industry, $10, Eagle Iron Co., of Curtin Judges, H. E. Fenlon, J. Norman Sherer and A. M. Rishel.

Two very enjoyable school reunions were held during Old Home Week. At the Bellefonte Academy an alumni association was formed at a reunion of former students with William S. Furst chosen as temporary president. A committee consisting of Miss Anna McCoy, Henry S. Linn and Prof. James R. Hughes will prepare a complete list of names and addresses of former Academy students to be used in extending invitations for an elaborate reunion next year. One aim of the alumni association will be to bring to the attention of parents of prospective students the high standard of the Bellefonte Academy. One former student recently remarked that few persons who have the interests of the Academy at heart seldom if ever think while writing to friends to mention that young men desiring a splendid education should write for an Academy catalogue before selecting a school. Members of the alumni association will be urged to try and think about this point in the future.

The Academy building was very prettily decorated and was illuminated at night. Many persons visited the school during the week. These included Mrs. Bolton of Franklin, many years ago a pupil at the Academy and later a teacher.

The Pine Grove Academy reunion was a pleasing success in every respect. It was held at the new High School building and was largely attended. The purpose of the meeting was explained by former Sheriff Miles Walker, the president. Devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. Dr. C. T. Aiken, president of Susquehanna University. Colonel D. F. Fortney delivered an extended address, to which Dr. Aiken responded. Letters of regret were received from Secretary of State Cyrus E. Woods, Rev. D. M. Moser, Rev. William Gemmell, Rev. A. L. Kerlin, Rev. Henry Webb,

(continuedbottom next column)

ALL EYES CENTERED ON BELLEFONTE CHAUTAUQUA

Week of Lectures and Entertainments Begins July 24.

LIST OF GUARANTORS

Names of Citizens Who have Pledged Cost of Educational Enterprise—Season Tickets May be Purchased at $2 Until Opening Day.

Plans are progressing nicely for Bellefonte's Chautauqua which begins here July 24th. Season tickets are on sale at the Y. M. C. A. until noon every day until July 24th, at $2 each. After that time the full price will be charged for each entertainment. Seven joyous days worth $4.25 at the low price of $2, if tickets are obtained by noon, July 24th.

Miss Helen E. C. Overton announces that the guarantors for this year's Chautauqua are the following:

J. Linn Harris, H. P. Harris, Mary Miles Blanchard, G. E. Hawes, Ambrose M. Schmidt, W. Harrison Walker, T. H. Harter, Chas. F. Mensch, J. C. Helfrich, W. S. Katz, Louis Carpeneto, Sr., H. S. Taylor, H. S. Ray, C. K. Hicklen, John M. Bullock, W. H. Montgomery, G. W. Hall, Dr. Melvin J. Locke, J. R. Hughes, Geo. R. Meek, D. I. Willard, Frank M. Crawford, James H. Potter, C. D. Casebeer, W. L. Daggett, H. W. Tate, H. C. Yeager, W. T. Twitmire, Edward R. Owens, James E. Williams, R. Russell Blair, Henry C. Quigley, Sim Baum, Arthur H. Sloop, Rebecca N. Rhoads, Ellen Gregg Gray, H. T. Struble Edmund Blanchard, John S. Walker, R. L. Weston, Jonas E. Wagner.

C. Y. Wagner, S. D. Gettig, D. K. Musser, S. M. Huff, Jos. L. Runkle, James O. Brewer, C. C. Shuey, R. G. H. Hayes, Wm. Burnside, Mrs. James Harris, G. E. Harper, H. F. Whiting, M. C. Gephart, David Dale, Erle S. Orr, John P. Lyon, R. L. Mallory, W. B. Rankin, W. D. Zerby, Geo. H. Hazel, L. D. McClellan, W. S. Mallalieu, John Van Pelt, S. D. Ray, J. D. Hunter, J. Frank Smith, H. N. Meyer, W. T. Kelly, P. H. Thomas, Mrs. John I. Olewine, P. D. Waddle, Jas. K. Barnhart, J. K. Johnston, J. J. Kilpatrick, A. G. Morris, John Blanchard, Edw. L. Gates, W. R. Johnson, E. J. Eckenroth, Walter Cohen, Darius Waite, Jennie R. Hastings, J. E. Ward, J. L. Knisely, Robt. Morris, J. P. Harbo'd, W. Seig, J. S. Gilliam, Robt. Cole, Jno. Rankin, Geo. H. Knisely, Thos. S. Hazel, John D. Sourbeck, Geo. R. Parker, W. L. Malin, W. M. Bottorf, D. F. Fortney, D. R. Foreman, and John McCoy.

Murderer Electrocuted.

Andrew Plewka alias Planka, of Doylestown, Bucks County, was electrocuted at Rock View on Monday morning for murdering two sailors on the Delaware river on Christmas day, 1913. The murder was committed for robbery, but Plewka got only 66 cents. He was tried and convicted in 1914, and while a number of appeals were taken they met with no success. Plewka was a Polander and was powerfully built. On the train from Doylestown to Bellefonte he became so unruly that it was necessary to bind him with chains. While in the Doylestown jail he became enraged and tore up his cell fittings. The prison officials finally subdued him by means of a stream of water from a fire hose. Plewka was aged 30 years, was 6 feet 2 inches in height and weighed 230 pounds.

Weekly Weather Forecast.

United States government weekly weather forecast for the week beginning Wednesday, July 14th, for Middle Atlantic States:—Warm and generally fair weather during the next two or three days will be followed by showers and considerably cooler weather, beginning about Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tonner, of Norristown, motored to Bellefonte and visited here over Old Home Week.

J. P. Cooper, Charles A. Ramsey, J. H Musser, Thomas Miller and Miss Kate Moser. Interesting letters of a reminiscent character were received from H. A. Thompson, L. L. D., of Dayton, Ohio; Daniel McBride, of Oklahoma, and George W. Rumberger, of Unionville, all three of whom were members of the late General Beaver's class at the old Pine Grove Academy. To Dr. W. H. Fry, of Pine Grove Mills, is due much of the credit for suggesting and helping along plans for the reunion. It was voted to have next year's reunion at Pine Grove Mills.

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OLD HOME WEEK

(continued from 1st. page.)

SENATOR PENROSE'S ADDRESS

Senator Penrose, in his address, in part said:

It is the pride of Pennsylvania that far beyond any other State we have a native stock coming from the earliest colonial times. While our commonwealth is peopled by men of all nations, yet we have a dominating influence of Pennsylvanians native to the soil, which constitutes an enormous influence for good citizenship. No other State, perhaps, can to the same extent compare with us in this regard. Therefore, one of the most interesting features, to my mind, in this celebration is the fact that so many sons of Centre County who have gone abroad to other sections of our country, should come back here today to attest their devotion to the county of their ancestors and of their birth.

Such is the rapidity of modern progress that we are apt to forget conditions and events within a comparatively recent period. In fact, we are separated from the conditions that prevailed one hundred years ago by nearly as long a period, if we measure it by the rapidity and completeness of the change, as we were separated then from a period one or two thousand years prior thereto. One hundred years ago railroads were unknown; domestic comforts were few; the population of the country was small. But why enumerate? Practically none of the modern facilities, conveniences and utilities in use today was known then. The period from the stage-coach and the tallow candle to the railroad and the electric light spans an epoch of human progress greatar than that for a period two thousand years preceeding. It seems impossible almost to realize that a frontier condition existed in Pennsylvania, that Indian wars and massacres were of common occurrence; that in every way central and northwestern Pennsylvania were really in a frontier similar to that of the Rocky Mountain section within the last thirty years.

Centre County has witnessed its share of Indian warfare and the features of the frontier. The story is interesting and romantic not only of this County but of counties all over western Pennsylvania, and other neighboring States. In fact, there is a field here of boundless interest, comparatively unknown, except to students of local history. It is most gratifying to note the growing disposition, to mark with proper monuments and tablets the location of some of these early events, such as the location of Fort Potter. James Fenimore Cooper did a notable work in his novels relating to some of those subjects. But the field is still untilled. We await a Walter Scott to do for Pennsylvania what Scott did for Scotland, and the border warfare of Scotland is not a whit more interesting or romantic than is the history of the early pioneers and settlers in Centre County and in northwestern Pennsylvania. As we travel through the beautiful Penn's Valley it seems difficult to realize that as late as 1778 General Potter wrote from the Valley about two men of Captain Finley's Company, Col. Brodhead's Regiment, who met a party of five Indians and after a sharp engagement both of the soldiers were killed.

The County was settled much earlier than many might imagine. In 1776 Penn's Valley was quite numerously settled. The southern portion of the County was settled as early as 1766 by good Scotch-Irish immigrants from the Cumberland Valley. Many of the early settlers were soldiers of the French and Indian and Revolutionary Wars, who received grants of lands for their services. The sons of Centre County always have been quick to respond to the call of the country in time of war. They have been worthy of the spirit of their Revolutionary ancestors. The record of Centre County in the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and later the great Civil war, and the Spanish War, will compare favorably with that of any county of Pennsylvania. It is said that one hundred and thirty Revolutionary soldiers are buried in the County, and their names are inscribed on enduring bronze tablets on the Soldiers' Monument in the public square here. Many of the towns and boroughs in the county recall vividly the character of its early history. Milesburg was laid out by that notable pioneer, Col. Samuel Miles. The old Indian town stood on the right bank of the Creek about a mile below where Spring Creek empties into the Bald Eagle. The "Bald Eagle's Nest" was the residence of an Indian chief of that name, who had built his wigwam there between two white oaks. Bald Eagle was the chief of a Muncey Tribe and commanded the party which made the attack upon a party of soldiers who were protecting some reapers on the Loyal Sock on the 8th of August, 1778, when James Brady was mortally wounded. It was a place of resort by the Indians even after the Revolutionary War. Philipsburg was settled by a Revolutionary soldier, John Henry Simler. And so all through the County we are reminded in an interesting way of the early romantic history of the State. The borough of Bellefonte, one of the most beautiful towns in our State, was located here on account of the beautiful spring, famous all over Pennsylvania.

One of the most interesting studies of Twentieth Century progress is the transformation of industrial conditions. We have in one hundred years progressed from industries, conducted very largely in the household, to the factory system and the development of manufacture upon an enormous scale, accompanied by the growth of our great municipal centres. Chemistry and the other sciences likewise have transformed many metallurgical processes, and just as in the history of commerce one city has yielded the palm of supremacy to another from the time of Carthage and Venice down to the present, so the centres of mineral and other industries have shifted with the progress of invention and scientific discovery. At one time it seemed as if Centre County was destined to be an important center of the iron industry. We read that Col. John Patton, as early as 1792, erected the Center Furnace in Harris Township. Then Gen. Benner erected his forge slitting and rolling mill. Then Turner erected Spring Creek Forge, and Dunlap Harmony Forge on Spring Creek. During the first half of the last century there were a considerable number of iron works in operation in this county. Furnace, forge and rolling mills were in operation. A screw factory and nail factory existed. Many thousand tons of pig metal were produced, together with blooms, bar iron, and nails. It is no reflection upon the enterprise of the people of Centre County that this phase of industrial activity has passed away. Changes in manufacture, discovery of mineral deposits, and new methods of transportation have transferred the seat of empire elsewhere. But Centre County still remains rich in resources, notable in enterprise, and assured of prosperity and development in the years to come.

Here is located our State College, justly the pride of all Pennsylvanians, one of the notable educational institutions of the country. In 1867 this institution came under an act of Congress, by which it was compelled to extend its course of instruction, in order to more fully comply with the educational requirements of that Act, which provides that the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanical acts in such manner as the legislature of the State might prescribe, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life.

The scope of the institution being thus greatly extended, the name finally was changed to the Pennsylvania State College. In 1863 the Congressional land grant was accepted by the State, and subsequently the scrip of the seven hundred and eighty thousand acres of the land granted was sold and properly invested as an endowment fund for the State College.

The American people are noted for their educational institutions. We have our old colleges, munificently endowed, and we have many institutions of later date promoted by individual philanthropy or by State and Federal aid. I know of no other institution that does a nobler work than the Pennsylvania State College. I know of no act of Congress that displays a more profound statesmanship and a greater comprehension of the needs of the country than is found in the act referred to. The crying need of our time is education in agriculture. Whatever other subjects and professions may be taught at the College I take it that the agricultural courses always will sound the dominating note. Agriculture has made as much, if not more, progress in the last twenty-five years than any of the other arts and sciences. Up until a few years ago our farmers cultivated the soil very much on the same principle as their forefathers, for five hundred or a thousand years before. They had, it is true, reclaimed the wilderness and founded their homes, and their courage and bravery under exposure and privation form an heroic chapter in the history of civilization. But so far as agricultural progress went they had not developed in the fields which they tilled, where but a short time before the painted savage had roamed. The extension of available farm lands in the west had rendered the condition of our farmers deplorable. Universal discontent prevailed. Populism and greenbackism, and any other kind of a political fallacy found ready acceptance in agricultural sections. Now, however, all is changed. The practice of agriculture has become a science. It requires as much education to make a good farmer, familiar with all the modern progress, as it does to equip the ordinary professional man, the engineer or lawyer or physician. The old and familiar type of farmer has disappeared, as we used to read of him or see him on the stage. The farmer now is a business man. A gathering of farmers to listen to a discussion on farm credits, or upon some other subject of interest to agricultural people, could not be distinguished from a gathering of business men on some subject pertinent to their pursuit. There is no room for the old-fashioned farmer. Competition requires the highest professional knowledge and aptitude. When that is obtained farming is remunerative. In fact, it offers a field of remuneration which compares favorably to that of other pursuits in the same locality. With the growth of the country and the development of the great centers of population there is a crying demand for an extension of the areas of cultivation. The supplying of food and materials is the most important function in a civilized community. Hence the cry: "Back to the Soil." In this interesting and most important and significant development the State College plays an effective, potential part, not only in graduating every year a large number of young men equipped to enter agricultural pursuits, but in educating the farming community. The students of the State College are recruited from the stalwart and vigorous part of our people. They make good wherever they are placed. They are preferred by many to the graduates of other older institutions on account of their sterling manhood and their willingness to do hard work. The institution was wisely located in this beautiful county on the slope of the Alleghenies, healthful, invigorating and bracing, with a climate and environment calculated to develop the physical and mental traits of the young men who are taking advantage of the opportunities of the college. The legislature of Pennsylvania wisely has aided the college to the best of its financial ability. It should continue to do so. We owe it to the people of Pennsylvania to build up and develop the college so that it shall meet all needs and requirements, and constitute a leading factor in the development of the civilization of our State.

The history of Centre County contains several heroic figures of the early days. John Philip Benner took up arms under General Wayne, his relative and neighbor. For several years he enjoyed a lucrative trade in what was termed by him the "Juniata Iron," and held the rank of Major General in the militia of the State. He twice was a presidential elector. The Borough of Bellefonte bears testimony to his enterprise and liberality. Andrew Gregg was among the early settlers of Penn's Valley. He was a member of Congress for seven successive terms, and during the session of 1806 he was chosen a member of the Senate of the United States. He afterwards was Secretary of the Commonwealth. Col. John Patton, who built the first iron works in the territory of Centre County, was a Major in Col. Samuel Miles' Rifle Regiment. He participated in the battle of Long Island, and after the organization of the Pennsylvania Line in 1877 commanded one of the additional regiments. Major James Potter was a notable figures in the early days of this county and of the State, as is well known. His services during the revolution are beyond the limits of any notice here. Samuel Porter served three years in the Revolutionary War. He was with the Pennsylvania detachment of riflemen under Colonel Morgan at the capture of Burgoyne, and also served through Sullivan's Campaign. He participated in twenty-two engagements or skirmishes.

Martha Walker Cook, the authoress and poetess, was born in the year 1807. Mrs. Cook edited and conducted the Continental Monthly Magazine. She was the mother of E. B. Cook, author of works on Chess.

No other county has furnished three governors to the State of Pennsylvania. Curtin, Beaver, and Hastings, sons of Centre County, have adorned the annals of our history as Governor of the State, and in other fields away from home, in Philadelphia and in New York, and in other sections of our country, the sons of Centre County have distinguished themselves in industrial commercial and professional activities. They have been worthy of the heroic ancestry who founded this County.

We stand here today about the center of the imperial Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Few States of the Union, and few countries of the world, can point to a more untarnished or remarkable history than that of our Commonwealth. Other sections of the county have their local pride, and still others may be jealous of Pennsylvania. The fact remains that our history in some respects is without a parallel. This Commonwealth was founded by one of the most remarkable men in history. There are many tests of greatness. Men become great by winning battles, or by discoveries and inventions, or in art and literature. It used to be said in ancient times that the greatest man was the one who had founded a city or a State, and by that test Penn stands out preeminent because he founded one of the greatest States of modern times. For him it is an enduring monument such as attaches to the memory of few men. But the greatness of Penn and the greatness of Pennsylvania lies, in my opinion, deeper than the mere physical greatness of the Commonwealth. Penn founded Pennsylvania on a principle of absolute religious freedom. He invited the persecuted sects of every Nation in Europe to settle on the shores of the Delaware. In those days, and for many generations before then, religious and political persecution had gone hand in hand. Freedom of thought and worship was not recognized. Penn's great title to immorality is that he did recognize it, and was almost the only man of his generation who did so. He invited the persecuted people of all Nations to come to Pennsylvania. The invitation, accompanied as it was with the assurance of civil and religious liberty, operated like magic upon the new colony. In two or three years over eight thousand people had settled around Philadelphia. No other colony then in existence could point to such an extraordinary growth. County after county was carved out as the population spread, and through Penn's Valley the people settled at a very early date before other eastern colonies hardly had spread more than a few miles from the seaboard. The statute books of Pennsylvania never, from Colonial days down to the present time, have been stained by a single act discriminating against any citizen on account of his religious opinions. Of no other colony can this be said. New England boasts of its literature and its intellectual progress, and yet the people of New England were burning witches and persecuting dissenters, while the most complete toleration prevailed in Pennsylvania. The nearest State to approach us in this respect was Rhode Island, where Roger Williams preached the same doctrines of toleration and yet the record of Rhode Island is tarnished by laws passed discriminating against Roman Catholics.

Our State has been the scene of great events marking the turning points in American history since the earliest colonial times. One of the important battles of the French and Indian War, which determined whether the Latin or the Anglo-Saxon should control the continent, was fought under Braddock and Washington at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers. Independence was proclaimed in Philadelphia, and Valley Forge marks the darkest period of the Revolution, and the most heroic struggle of Washington and his army. One of the most illustrious events in the glorious annals of our Navy is the battle of Lake Erie. Gettysburg marks the flood tide of the Rebellion and the turning-point of the Civil war. In rsources, enterprise and development the State constitutes an empire in itself. While we have a population composed of many nationalities, no other State is more patriotic. We are Americans first, but we are proud that we are Pennsylvanians.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Frances Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

James B. Noll, et ux, to Samuel Campbell, tract in Milesburg Boro.; $900.

Ada Hess to Carroll N. Smith, tract in Rush Twp.; $2,000.

William Shafer to John M. Keichline, tract in Spring Twp.; $125.

J. T. Lucas, et ux, to Rose Alden, tract in Snow Shoe Twp.; $375.

I. W. Vonada, et ux, to Harry C. Bressler, tract in Haines Twp.; $825.

John Lowber Welsh Jr. to H. Laird Curtin, tract in Patton Twp.; $1.

Herbert Shuttleworth to Rose A. Stoddart, tract in Rush Twp ; $500.

Frederick P. Resides, et ux, to Harry C. Long, tract in State College Boro.; $1.

Harry C. Long, et ux, to Laura M. Resides, tract in State College Boro.; $1.

William Groh Runkle to Andy Mjaveo, tract in Spring Twp.; $300.

A. B. Lee, Sheriff to W. G. Runkle, tract in Howard Twp.; $157.

A. B. Lee, Sheriff to Oscar E. Miles, tract in Milesburg Boro.; $79.

Laura B. King et bar, to Sarah J. Coll, tract in State College Boro.; $450.

Samuel E. Ard et ux, to Francis Long, tract in Penn Twp.; $90.

C. M. Bierly et ux, to Wallace A. Doebler, tract in Miles Twp.; $300.

Albert Ernest et ux, to John Demchak, tract in Rush Twp.; $50.

I. O. Campbell et ux, to James M. Campbell, tract in College Twp.; $650.

J. Wilmer Henszey et ux, to Hester S. Christ, tract in College Twp.; $5,250.

J. B. Heberling et ux, to Maggie W. Koch, tract in State College Boro. $7,000.

Rush C. Hawkins et al, to Philipsburg Coal & Land Co., tract in unseated land Centre Co.; $1.

William L. Foster et al, to Alice S. Weaver, tract in State College Boro. $1.

Fred F. Smith et ux, to Miles H. Seigfried et al, tract in Rush Twp.; $150.

Philipsburg Coal & Land Co. to Amos Garland, tract in Rush Twp.; $75.

Andrew Lytle et ux, to J. D. Sowers, tract in College Twp.; $200.

Ella Kohl et al, to W. A. Stover, tract in Millheim Boro.; $1,261.

Elizabeth Eckenroth et al, to Herbert Auman, tract in Bellefonte Boro.; $300.

Elizabeth Eckenroth et al, to Susan Markle, tract in Bellefonte Boro.; $974.

Thomas Foster et al, to Jesse D. White, tract in College Twp.; $500.

Mills Alexander et ux, to J. W. Bruss, tract in Union Twp.; $1,200.

Samuel Markowitz et ux, to Henry Markowitz, tract in Taylor Twp.; $1.

Frederick Harter et al Exrs. to Lizzie B. Kurzenknabe, tract in Penn Twp.; $7,000.

Sylvester Cowher et al, to James Stine, tract in Taylor Twp.; $125.

Lizzie Campbell et bar, to Howard W. Stover, tract in Penn Twp.; $850.

Bellefonte Cemetery Assn. to Fountain W. Crider, tract in Bellefonte Boro. $50.

Heavy, impure blood makes a muddy, pimply complexion, headaches nausea, indigestion. Thin blood makes you weak, pale and sickly. For pure blood, sound digestion, use Burdock Blood Bitters $1.00 at all stores.

Atlantic City, Cape May

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WILDWOOD
16 - Day Excursions

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SATURDAYS, July 17 and 31, August 14 and 28, September 4

$8.75 ROUND TRIP
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$8.50 ROUND TRIP
Via Market Street Wharf

From BELLEFONTE

Stop Overs Allowed at Philadelphia and Harrisburg

OCEAN GROVE EXCURSION, AUGUST 26

For full information consult handbills or nearest Ticket Agent.

Pennsylvania Railroad

ISLAND CASTAWAYS

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The lake steamer touched at Pine island and left a solitary passenger—a decidedly pretty young woman, who carried a suitcase and umbrella.

Mona Fairlee walked down the long pier to the shore, where the red shingled roof of the Bensons' summer camp peeped through the surrounding pine trees.

She reached the cottage and stood amazed to discover that doors and windows were closely shuttered. Pine camp had every appearance of being closed for the season, although it was only the first of August.

Something must have happened to change the summer plans of the Bensons, who were distant cousins of Mona.

"What shall I do?" asked Mona in dismay, for there was no way of reaching the mainland except by boat.

"If it hadn't been for Dick Masterson—" Mona paused and bit her lip, fighting back the tears. "How I hate him!" she sobbed passionately.

It was the old story of a lover's quarrel and a hasty parting. Mona had written a long letter to Edith Benson and followed the letter herself, seeking refuge from the world in the solitude of Pine island, said "solitude" being enlivened by the gay doings of the inhabitants of the group of little islands that dotted the lovely Maine lake. Now, with the Bensons away, she must return home, where she might meet Dick at any moment.

Mona was growing hungry. She walked disconsolately down to the strip of beach that bordered the island. On the western shore, where one had a clear view of miles of unbroken water, she came to a halt and stared delightedly. A small fire of driftwood and pine cones burned cheerfully over a circle of stones. On the stones were five lake trout broiled a delicious brown. A gray coat was thrown on the sand and near by was a fishing rod. There was no one in sight.

How good they smelled! How hungry she was! "I may not have another bite to eat until tomorrow," thought Mona, throwing all precepts to the winds. "If he were here I am sure he would share them with me—and yet I don't want anyone to know I'm here. He can catch more." She salved her conscience with this, thought, as she bit into the juicy brown and white tenderness.

The afternoon wore on. Great clouds piled up in the northwest, and there was a distant grumble of thunder. Mona was afraid of thunder storms.

There came a long, rumbling roll of thunder and she fled to the front veranda of the cottage, where she sought a sheltered corner and sat disconsolately on her suit case with her umbrella spread protectingly over her.

Lightning flashed intermittently; thunder rolled heavily. The sound of footsteps mingled with the noise of the storm. They reached the veranda, paused for a moment, and then came around to her sheltered corner.

"Well, by Jove!"

The muttered ejaculation told Mona that she had been discovered. She dropped her umbrella and looked up into the face of the fisherman whose dinner she had eaten.

He was not an ill-looking young man. On the contrary, the gray coat covered broad shoulders above which rose a strong, brown throat and a head undeniably handsome. He was looking down at Mona's pale, frightened face with quizzical eyes.

"So it was you!" he laughed softly.

A wave of color flamed into Mona's cheeks. "I was hungry," she explained meekly. "If I had known I would have starved first!"

"But they were good—they must have been mighty good—they smelled delicious," he said, regretfully.

Mona turned a pretty shoulder and stared out at the pouring rain.

"I'm sure I wouldn't intrude—only there is no other shelter on the island," he went on apologetically.

"The veranda is large," suggested Mona coldly.

"Of course—I will go—I beg your pardon," he said huffily.

At that instant there came a hissing shriek of white flame that played up and down the trunk of the white pine tree, and with it came a crashing peal of thunder. Mona screamed with fear.

The fisherman gathered Mona into strong arms. "Are you hurt, darling?" was his astonishing question.

And Mona, half fainting with fright, seemed not to resent the familiarity. Her golden head dropped on the shoulder of the fisherman and her lips murmured a negative.

"What are you doing here, Dick?" she asked faintly.

"I have an idea," said Dick slowly, "that Edith received your letter yesterday, and, conceiving the idea of bringing about a reconciliation between us, wired me to come up. Then they left us marooned on the island, and—well, it happened just as she planned! Here they come now, two boatloads! Let us go down to the pier and meet them."

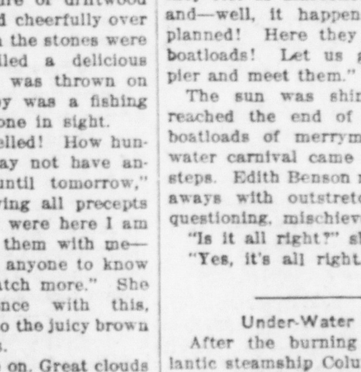
The sun was shining when they reached the end of the pier. Two boatloads of merrymakers from the water carnival came laughing up the steps. Edith Benson met the two castaways with outstretched hands and questioning, mischievous eyes.

"Is it all right?" she asked.

"Yes, it's all right."

Under-Water Tocsins.

After the burning of the transatlantic steamship Columbia, one of the boats drifted for no less than two weeks in the path of transatlantic liners; but, although the wrecked seamen saw several steamers, they could not attract their attention by signals. Of the 15 men in the boat, 11 died before the boat was sighted. Had the lifeboat carried a submarine bell it could have signaled Atlantic steamers, even at a distance of several miles.



A HARD BLOW

for you if you were to lose the receipts and cash you now carry about. How much better off you would be if you had an account at the Bellefonte Trust Company Bank. Then your cash would be always safe. The cancelled checks would be receipts that could be verified any time. Think it over and you'll start to-day.

Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

COUNTIES WILL GO REPUBLICAN

Signs Point to G. O. P. Capturing Local Offices.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION THIS YEAR

Electors Who Strayed Away From Republican Camp Are Coming Back In Droves, and Now the Only Talk of a Third Party Comes From Democrats Who May Get Behind Bryan.

Philadelphia, July 13.—Indications point to big Republican gains in the sixty-seven counties of Pennsylvania at the municipal election to be held this year. In all these counties local officials are to be chosen, and it is safe to predict that when the returns come in on the night of Nov. 2 the result will show that the people have favored the nominees of the Republican party.

Reports received at Republican headquarters make plain the fact that the party is steadily gaining health. The splendid victory last fall had a tonic effect on the voters in many counties who doubted the ability of the G. O. P. to come back, and there is little talk now of a third party. In fact in most counties former Bull Moosers have not only sworn in as Republicans, but they are putting up some of their number as candidates for local offices on no ticket but the Republican. This is the best possible proof that in 1916 the Washington party will linger merely as a memory.

As the judgeships in counties where vacancies are to about to occur will be filled on the non-partisan ballot, the political parties must content themselves with making nominations for such offices as district attorney, prothonotary, sheriff, recorder, register, clerk of the courts, coroner and the sundry other county offices, the terms of which expire next January. Though most of these places are clerical in nature, party lines will be closely drawn, and with the exception of the few supposedly rock-ribbed Democratic counties the prospect of Republican nominees sweeping the field is exceedingly bright.

Is in the Air.

Conversion to Republican principles and policies seems to be in the air. Thousands of Democrats, men who even favored the ticket last fall, have become disgusted at the mess their party leaders are making of things, not only in Washington, but in Pennsylvania.

Democrats who are sticking to the ship because of having received appointments or the promise of a plum, privately admit that the skies for Democratic success in the future are anything but bright. They say that the Republicans this year will elect nine-tenths of their officials, and counties that are now represented by Democratic county officials will be completely turned around.

Drift to G. O. P.

This pronounced drift to the party in the several counties augurs well for one year hence, when the people will again be called upon to choose state officials. The tremendous majorities that Republican county candidates will receive this year cannot but assist the big fight in 1916. County organizations will be cemented as never before, and the workers will be in position to make a united stand against the common enemy.

At the primary election next May nominations will be made for United States senator, state treasurer, auditor general and four congressmen-at-large. In addition to these the various congressional districts will name candidates for seats in congress, as well as elect delegates to the Republican national convention.

Democratic Split Sure.

Pennsylvania Democrats, in common with Democrats all over the country, believe that the estrangement between President Wilson and former Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan, is sure to bring about the launching of a third party headed by the Nebraska Commoner. This scheme will first take definite form at the Democratic national convention, when Bryan is expected to bitterly oppose the renomination of President Wilson.

He will not present as his objections the war policy of the present administration, but rather the platform plank of the Baltimore convention in favor of one term for a president. Mr. Bryan feels that President Wilson has no right to seek re-election in the face of the plank in question, which, by the way, was inserted at the request of the Nebraskan himself.

Philadelphia After Convention.

In reference to the next Republican national convention a strong movement is on to have that great conclave meet in Philadelphia. That city had the honor of receiving and entertaining the delegates who in 1900 gave the late President McKinley a renomination. Chicago, Cleveland and St. Louis are also candidates for the convention in 1916.

OLD BELIEFS ABOUT HEALTH

Many Are the Myths to Which People Have Clung Through the Centuries.

How many people believe that gold wedding rings rubbed on the eye will cure styes? That green apples cause colic? That earrings improve sight? That a copper wire round the waist prevents rheumatism? That only nasty medicines cure? That whisky is good for pretty nearly any ailment? That the moon affects lunatics? That tuberculosis is hereditary? That measles is inevitable? That typhoid comes from dead weeds or fish in drinking water? That red flannel (must be red!) is good for sore throats? That sewer gas is poison? That smallpox can be telephoned from one person to another? That mosquitoes come from decomposing leaves? That malaria is due to night air? That robust people do not have smallpox? That scarlet fever scales are infectious? That raw beefsteak is good for a black eye? That drinking cow's blood fresh and warm cures consumption? That the smell from a horse stable cures consumption? That if medicine is good for sick people, it must be still better for well ones? That eating turnips makes one brave? That onions cure or prevent smallpox? That dead bodies necessarily breed a pestilence? That rusty nails produce tetanus (lockjaw)? These and many more like myths make up the fragmentary creeds on health that we have inherited.

HAD TO ADMIT "DRAWBACKS"

Doubtful, However, If Auctioneer's "Candor" Interfered With the Sale of the Estate.

A certain London auctioneer, in addition to a fine personal appearance and splendid elocutionary talents, is possessed of considerable culture and knowledge of human nature.

At a book sale this gentleman would read with exquisite taste passages from the books he was selling, with brief biographies and criticisms of their authors, reciting hexameters from Greek and Roman classics, and rendering passages from humorous writers with a tone and air so ludicrous as to set the room in a roar of laughter. Thus he often won higher prices for books than those got at the shops.

An amusing example of his cleverness in extolling an estate is the language with which he once closed a highly-colored description of the property he was selling. For a few moments he paused, and then said:

"And now, gentlemen, having given a truthful description of this magnificent estate, candor compels me to admit that it has two drawbacks—the litter of the rose leaves and the noise of the nightingales."

Twentieth Century Enterprise.

"Halloa!" Jellison cried, as he encountered his acquaintance, Barwood, in the street. "Thought you were getting married today. Postponed?"

"Altogether," answered Barwood, firmly.

"Not even engaged now, then?" pursued Jellison.

"No; the lady I was to have married was too modern, too up to date for me."

"Up to date!" The excuse astonished Jellison. "How on earth—!"

"Wrote her last Monday saying I was coming to see her on Wednesday. You see, although we had been engaged for some time, I had never formally proposed. So I went on Wednesday, just to satisfy her whim, as I thought. Got there and found she had sold to a cinematograph company the rights of photographing me at the moment of proposing. That settled it."

Hard Life of English Cabinet Men.

The laboriousness of a cabinet minister's life was realized by John Bright, who declared that a man in office required "very strong health, a very excellent stomach and a conscience that does not trouble him." Peel, according to Greville, when resigning the leadership, begged the queen never to recall him, since he could not forget that Pitt, Fox and Canning had all died in office, the victims of overwork and worry, and that, worse still, Lord Castlereagh and Lord Liverpool had also died in office, the one a maniac and the other an idiot.

Where Art Ceases.

All art is a matter of nature or life acted upon by man; a part taken out of its accidental surroundings and given artistic form. At either side of the field of true art is a waste place, where art ceases to have beauty. And the waste on the one side is reached when the artist becomes so enamored of life that he forgets to interpret, to give artistic form, and only brings forth a photographic image; while the waste on the other side is reached when the artist perfects his form but forgets to put life into it.—Sheldon Cheney.

Bobby's First Day at Sunday School.

At the Eastminster Presbyterian Sunday school the primary class sits on little chairs around tables. A little girl took her small brother, aged three, to Sunday school a week ago for the first time. When they came home sister reported that Bobbie had behaved splendidly except at first she couldn't get him to sit down. When his mother asked him why he didn't want to sit down, he replied:

"I wasn't hungry, so I didn't want to eat anything."—Kansas City Star.

HIS UNSELFISH LOVE

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE.

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

"Well," faltered Cynthia, "as you have seen the photograph—"

"Yes, of Richard Graydon—go on, dear," pleaded Leila eagerly.

"We—we are engaged."

Leila sprang up with a wild shriek of joy. She clasped her arms about Cynthia, her eyes dancing with sincere approbation of the announcement.

"Oh, my dear, I am so delighted!" she said. "I was afraid you were going to fade away into a settled old widow."

"I have been one for two years, you know," intimated Cynthia, and there was a species of anxious entreaty in her voice, "and, Leila—I was starving for love! love! love!"

Her very inmost soul burst the leaden trammels of years at this wild outburst. Cynthia fell to weeping in the arms of her pitying and loyal friend.

"No woman was ever a truer wife," said Leila earnestly, "your new happiness is your reward."

It seemed true. Four years previous, through the arts of a maneuvering mother Cynthia had given up her girlhood's fondest dreams and had married Professor Russell, a wealthy old scientist. There was no love in the union. The professor was absorbed in his work and was away traveling most of the time, but he was very proud of his beautiful wife. Cynthia was a faithful helpmeet and duty made up for the lack of affection.

Two years passed by when Cynthia found herself a wealthy widow. Professor Russell had been making some scientific explorations in Nicaragua when a rebellion broke out. He and his valet, one Dorkins, were reported killed in an ambush.

Cynthia felt that the freshness and joy of life were past until she met Richard Graydon. It had been a case of love at first sight. It seemed as if the subdued affection of her repressed nature budded all at once. There was to be a quiet wedding and Cynthia and Richard felt that the fullness of life had come to them at last.

Never were two persons more fitly mated. Cynthia was in the prime of young womanhood, Richard was a model of perfect manhood. Blissful happiness and peace seemed insured for those two ingenuous beings when the unexpected came with the suddenness of a thunder crash.

A hasty agitated call came over the telephone to Richard one day.

"It is Miss Lane," was spoken in fluttering accents. "Please come to my home at once."

Richard found the friend of his fiancee in a distracted state. She was pale and trembling. She simply handed him a telegram. It was from Tehalca, Nicaragua. It was signed James Russell and it ran:

"Escaped after dreadful peril. Wire me five hundred dollars to return."

"Then—then he is alive," hoarsely uttered Richard, white to the lips.

"Yes," replied Leila, and she pitied the strong man battling to show composure. "Oh, Mr. Graydon! I have just come from Cynthia. She is crushed, she says she must see you."

"I do not dare!" spoke Richard, his hands clenched to emphasize his strong resolution. "Tell her, the true faithful wife, the good woman that she is, that it is duty now—clear and sufficient. Tell her I have gone away—not to forget, but to cherish!"

Then Richard Graydon became a wanderer. He wondered if it was a trick of fate that his journeyings a year later brought him to the city of Tehalca. He stood near its prison fields gloomily regarding a file of shackled convicts pass by. One only of the number was not a native.

"Who is that man?" Richard casually asked the guard.

"Ah, that?" volunteered the volatile official. "It is Dorkins—he of the Russell case. Both he and his master were supposed killed in the revolution, but this one escaped after robbing his dead employer. Later he sent a false telegram to the wife of Professor Russell to secure money and was unmasked."

"Then Cynthia is free!" breathed Richard, and that night a telegram flew North bearing the simple words: "Shall I come to you?"

One day, two days—no reply. Had Cynthia forgotten him? Ah, she might write! A week passed by. Richard gave up hope.

One afternoon a servant appeared at his room, where he sat lost in a subdued reverie.

"A caller, below, sir," the menial advised him.

As he entered the parlor of the little hotel a lady, veiled, arose to greet him. He advanced with inquiry in his face.

"Richard!"

The veil was thrust aside. With extended arms and beaming eyes Cynthia Russell confronted him.

"You! You!" he gasped, and grasped at the arm of a chair to steady himself. It was like some fleeting radiant vision. In all her loveliness there greeted him his heart's only love.

"You came all this distance—alone—to me!" he breathed as in a dream.

Then his hands met her own. Then, the honored memory of James Russell in his mind, he folded her within his embrace.

"Oh, my love! my love!" he said and his reward had come.

LITTLE TIME FOR COURTING

Mr. Dobbs Altogether Too Busy to Attend to the Minor Matter of Getting a Wife.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Mr. Dobbs got on famously. After supper, while she and Elizabeth washed the dishes, she asked him why he didn't get married and have someone to look after him and his cabin. "I don't have time," he answered. "I came West 18 years ago to make a start and a home for Jennie and me, but I can't find time to go back and get her. In the summer I have to hustle to make the hay and grain, and I have to stay and feed the stock all the rest of the time."

"You write her once in a while, don't you?" asked Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. "Yes," he said. "I wrote her two years ago come April; then I was so busy I didn't go to town till I went for my year's supplies. I went to the post office, and sure enough there was a letter for me—been waitin' for me for six months. You see the postmaster knows me and never would send a letter back. I set down there right in the office and answered it. I told her how it was, told her I was coming after her soon as I could find time. You see, she refuses to come to me 'cause I am so far from the railroad, and she is afraid of Indians and wild animals."

"Have you got your answer?" asked Elizabeth. "No," he said, "I ain't had time yet to go, but I kind of wish somebody would think to bring the mail. Not many people pass here, only when the open season takes hunters to the mountains. When you people come back will you stop and ask for the mail for me?"

We promised.—The Woman Homesteader, in the Atlantic.

NEW IDEA IN GOVERNMENT

Hard to Raise Objection to the Latest Phase, Which Is Practical Benevolence.

Here at last is a form of governmental benevolence against which no possible objection can be urged: Petroleum has been made to yield gasoline suitable for fuel, and toluol and benzol necessary for dyestuffs and high explosives; yet the process is to be given to the public for the benefit of all.

The discoveries are important and they must be practical or the announcement would not have been made so definitely by the government. But the really notable feature is that they are not to be commercialized for individual or corporate profit on the one hand, nor are they to be monopolized by the government on the other.

We have grown accustomed to federal co-operation in agriculture, and the seeding of the continent no longer elicits comment; for the government to make distinct contributions to the processes of manufacture is newer, and it opens a field of possibilities in which it can render vast service. Hitherto individual investigators have made our discoveries, and financiers have exploited them for private gain. If, in the future, our government shall be able to point the way to new developments in scientific industry, there will be a frank recognition that the government really "exists for the people."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Warns of Leaks.

An automatic leak indicator for ships consists of a number of small cast iron boxes screwed to the bulkhead of each compartment and set at predetermined distances, one above another. In each box there is an electrical contrivance connected with an indicator-board either on the bridge or in some other convenient place. The board is fitted with a number of small glow lamps of different colors, and is connected with an alarm bell. When the water rises to the level of the lowest box, it makes an electrical contact by which the lamp corresponding to the height in the bulkhead that the box indicates is lighted, and so remains until the next box is reached by the water, when the second lamp is lighted. Meanwhile, the bell rings continuously until switched off.

Things That Have Been Condemned.

If we banished from our tables all the commodities which—like potatoes—have been condemned in print, our diet would be decidedly monotonous. "Food faddists are most aggressive persons," Henry Labouchere once complained. "In my time I have known them preach that we should give up meat, tobacco, alcohol, soup, starch (including bread and potatoes), salt, tomatoes, bananas, strawberries and bath buns. I have also witnessed movements for giving up boots, waistcoats, hats, overcoats, carpets, feather beds, spring mattresses, cold baths, linen clothes, woolen clothes, sleeping more than six hours, sleeping less than nine hours and lighting fires at the bottom."

St. Bride of Ireland.

St. Bride, the patroness of Ireland and of Fleet street, whose feast falls in February, was the beautiful daughter of a bard who became the religious disciple of St. Patrick and abbess of Kildare. The story of St. Bride, or Bridget, fired the Celtic imagination, and in Ireland about twenty parishes bear the name of Kilbride. The spire of her church in Fleet street has been twice struck by lightning and much reduced from the original height, but is still one of the tallest steeples in London. It is supposed to have been designed by Wren's young daughter.—Pall Mall Gazette.

"ASK WHAT I SHALL GIVE THEE"

1 Kings 3:4-15.—July 18.

What Are Dreams?—When They Should Be Followed — Solomon's Dream—His Heart Conditions Reflected—His Realization of His Responsibilities—His Humility—His Request—God's Approval and the Happy Results Which Followed.

"The fear of Jehovah is the beginning of wisdom."—Proverbs 9:10.

SOLOMON initiated his reign by making a great feast for his people at Gibeon. The account tells that he offered a thousand burnt offerings unto the Lord. This does not signify that the animals were burned entire, but that certain portions, particularly the fat, were burned as an offering to the Lord, while the food portions became the basis of the feast. We can see the wisdom of such a general acknowledgment of God and His inauguration of a new king; and the feast signified the king's good will and his desire to make his reign one of blessing to the people. The Divine ordering of the matter was recognized by the Israelites, who perceived that all things were to be done with an eye to God's approval.

Are Dreams Significant?

During this feast, which probably lasted several days, King Solomon had the wonderful dream narrated in our lesson. That it was supernatural there can be no doubt. Similarly God revealed Himself to others in ancient times, and especially to His people Israel, who had come into covenant relationship with Him at Mount Sinai through Moses. But He was not in covenant relationship with the people of other nations, who were, we read, strangers, foreigners, outcasts—not in covenant relationship with God.

Although the Christian Church is peculiarly in relationship with God, and in a much closer relationship than that of the Jewish Law, nevertheless we must not suppose that all dreams which even consecrated Christians may have are to be regarded as inspired. Very evidently the majority of our dreams are merely wanderings of our mind because we are not sound asleep. For God to make fewer communications with Spiritual Israel by dreams would not signify a lesser interest in their affairs, but rather that He had otherwise provided for their guidance—in the Bible. Additionally, we learn that He wishes us to walk by faith and not by sight; and to direct us continually by dreams would be to interfere with this walking by faith.

King Solomon Sacrificing in Gibeon.

St. Paul tells us that God's Word is sufficient that the man of God may be thoroughly furnished unto every good work. (2 Timothy 3:16, 17.) But there is nothing to hinder God from using a dream as a means of instructing His spiritual children if that should seem at any time to be the proper course. Many of the Lord's people have had experience with dreams which seemed to give them instruction. Nevertheless there is but one sure way of receiving dreams—to interpret them only in full accord with the Scriptures. The Apostle suggests that if an angel should proclaim any other Gospel than this, it should be rejected. Similarly, if a dream should suggest any other Gospel, it should be rejected.

Solomon's Wise Choice.

In King Solomon's dream the Lord appeared to him, saying, "Ask what I shall give thee." So God is asking of all who would become His children. He desires to do them good, but wishes them to realize their needs and to make requests accordingly.

Solomon's answer in his dream shows a beautiful simplicity of character for a young prince just come to the throne. He recounted God's mercy to his father David, and declared that this was in proportion as King David had walked faithfully with God in righteousness of heart. Then he recounted his own littleness, weakness and insufficiency for the great position to which he had been brought because of Divine appreciation of his father David. Touchingly he declared, "I am but a little child." This reminds us of the Apostle's words, "When I am weak, then I am strong." This was really the strength of Solomon's character; namely, that he was meek, teachable, like a little child—not boastful or self-confident, not blind to the privileges of his work.

King Solomon—The Wise Man.

Because of the responsibilities of the kingdom, for which he felt himself so incompetent, Solomon prayed, "Give therefore Thy servant an understanding heart to judge Thy people [to administer justice to them], that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this Thy so great people?"

Is it any wonder that we read further that in the dream the Lord manifested His good pleasure at this request? "And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing, • • • lo, I have given thee a wise and understanding heart; so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee. And I have also given thee • • • both riches and honor."

MAY VOTE FOR THREE JUDGES

Change In Law Affecting Superior Court Places.

NON-PARTISAN ACT TO BLAME

No Reason For Minority Representation Provision In Law Creating Superior Bench and Legislature Wiped It Out—Judges Orlady and Head Are Candidates For Re-election, But Rice Is In the Field.

Philadelphia, July 6.—After the governor finished swinging his veto axe on the bills sent him by the legislature is was found that only one drafted in the interest of the Republican party which escaped adverse action was that to permit an elector to vote for as many candidates for the superior court as there are vacancies to be filled. It is true that he did sign other election bills, but they were of minor importance and of little consequence to the future welfare of the party.

The superior court change was made necessary by reason of the non-partisan method of choosing judges. When the act creating the superior court was passed provision was made for minority representation by specifying that whenever two vacancies were to be filled an elector could vote for but one candidate, and in case of three vacancies, not more than two candidates. This gave the Democratic party positive representation on the bench.

But the non-partisan act of course wiped out the minority party representation provision, and it became necessary to change the law. The signing of the bill bringing about the change greatly clarifies the situation on the choosing of three superior court judges this fall. It means that all candidates are placed on an equal footing in their quest for support.

Has Splendid Record.

It so happens that the term of the minority member of the superior bench, Judge Head, expires this year, together with the terms of two of his Republican colleagues. But there is no disposition on the part of Republicans to defeat Judge Head and make the bench solidly Republican. Judge Head has a splendid record as a member of the superior bench, and Republican lawyers generally feel that it would be a mistake to remove him merely because of a change in the law.

Judge George B. Orlady, of Huntingdon county, is also a candidate for re-election, and, like Judge Head, the probability is that he will have little difficulty in landing high and dry. In the event of his success he will become president judge of the court in place of Judge Charles E. Rice, of Wilkes-Barre, who some time ago announced his retirement from the bench at the expiration of his term next January.

Rice's Retirement a Loss.

In the retirement of Judge Rice the superior bench sustains a distinct loss, the most serious since its creation. Judge Rice was one of the first seven judges appointed to the superior bench, and at the subsequent election, when all the appointees submitted their candidacies to the people, he received many thousand more votes than any other aspirant. He has been president judge since the first day the court sat. Upwards of twenty bar associations have petitioned Judge Rice to remain on the bench, but fearing that his advanced age would not permit him to perform the duties of the place as they should be performed, he has refused to reconsider the decision he arrived at a few months ago.

There is a likelihood of a scramble for the vacancy caused by the retirement of Judge Rice. Already a number of candidates have pushed forward favorite sons, and more are yet to come. One of the strong claimants is Philadelphia, which complains that it has not any representation on the superior bench and but one judge on the supreme bench. Under these circumstances it would not be surprising if the Philadelphia lawyers put up a hard fight for the place.

Next Supreme Vacancy.

The term of no supreme judge expires next January; in fact, it will be November, 1920, before the people are called upon to choose judges for the highest tribunal in the state. On the first Monday of January, 1921, the terms of Justices J. Hay Brown, of Lancaster, and S. Leslie Mestrezat, of Fayette, expire. After this year there will be no election for a superior judge until November, 1918, when the term of Judge William D. Porter, of Allegheny, is about to run out.

In addition to the superior court judgeship vacancies this year, petitions are being circulated for no less than twenty-six common pleas judgeships in various counties of the state. Among these places are ten that were filled temporarily by appointments from Governors Tener and Brumbaugh. Every judge named by these governors wants to be elected for a full term.

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SEEMS POOR ECONOMY

ROUNDABOUT WAY OF KEEPING FIRE HOUSES CLEAN.

Story Told by Writer In The Public, Whether the Real Thing or Not, May Possibly Illustrate a Sad Truth.

About two months ago I happened to sit down beside a pleasant-faced old fellow in the smoking car of a train pulling out of Philadelphia. I wanted to smoke, and on discovering that I had no matches, I turned to my seatmate and asked if he could spare me one.

"Certainly," said he, "that is one thing I can get all I want for nothing."

Seeing that he was inclined to talk, I humored him by asking: "How's that?"

"Why, you see," he replied, "I work for the city, in the fire department, and we can get all we want of anything like that. Just turn in a requisition for them and along they come. But there is one thing we can't get all we want of, though."

"What's that?"

"Brooms. We can't get a broom. We can requisition as much as we like, but we can't secure a single broom."

"How's that?"

"Don't know, but we can't get one."

"How do you keep the place clean, then? I always thought they were very particular in the fire department to have everything spick and span."

"That's it," said he, nudging me in the ribs, "that's it! How do we keep it clean? Must be clean for inspection. Know what we do? I'll tell you! We use blankets. Yes, we take blankets, tear 'em up into strips and make mops out of 'em and keep the place as neat as you please! You see we can get all the blankets we want, but we can't get a broom. So we take turns requisitioning blankets."

"But the blankets must cost a lot more than brooms would."

"Sure. Blankets must stand the city at least a dollar and a quarter each, while the best brooms bought in large quantities would not cost over twenty-five cents apiece. And one broom would last longer than half a dozen blankets. But we can't help it. Must keep the fire house clean for inspection or would all get fired. No matter how often we requisition brooms there isn't one forthcoming, while we can get all the blankets we want, and no questions asked."

"Seems funny. How is it, do you suppose?"

"Only reason I can give is that the new administration is short of funds. Possibly somebody in a former administration got some graft for laying in a large stock of blankets and got no brooms. But it costs somebody something in the long run. Fierce, isn't it?"—W. P., Jr., in The Public.

Golf on a Battlefield.

Golfers of the Mexico Country club at Mexico City who were recently barred from their games for two weeks because the Carranza and Zapata forces were using the links for a battleground, had an unusual experience when, on the day after the retreat of the soldiers they resumed play.

Notwithstanding that the links had been torn up by shells, all went well with the game until the drive-off from the seventh tee had been followed up to the green. It was then that the man who had the best lie waved to his companions excitedly to hurry on up. They thought that he had holed out with his midiron, but found that his discomposure was caused by the fact that he could not use his putter. Between his ball and the cup lay the body of a revolutionist, who had been killed in an exchange of shots the day before.

New Use for Aluminum.

Indelible characters may be written or drawn on glass or porcelain and when treated with hydrochloric acid the surface covered by the characters becomes etched, through the use of a pencil of aluminum. When the characters are not etched, but burnished, they resemble inlaid silver. A Swiss scientist is the discoverer of this hitherto unknown property of aluminum. It is indispensable first to remove every trace of grease from the surface to be ornamented by polishing with chalk, else the aluminum will not take hold. As the effect is produced only on substances containing silicic acid, it has been suggested that an aluminum pencil would be an unerring detector of false diamonds. Magnesium, cadmium and zinc act in a similar manner, but their traces readily oxidize.

FEW CAPABLE OF SYMPATHY

Too Many Make the Mistake of Considering Pity as Answering the Same Purpose.

"I'm very, very sorry for her, but I don't understand how she can do as she is doing." That's the kind of sympathy you don't care to have directed your way, isn't it? That isn't really sympathy but nothing more than pity, a fine condescending look-down from above that seems to say, "I am of better material" a good deal more than it says, "I am sorry."

It's odd how little sympathy there is abroad in the world. We mean how little downright frank understanding that others are really suffering from things that would not make us suffer; that others want to do things in which we see no delight, and don't want to do things that someone who keeps tab on the world's duty says they ought to do. A man told us the other day that he had so trained his boy that he would find few temptations in college. A lot that man knows about it, doesn't he? One thing is sure; he will never hear much of the temptations, for he couldn't understand. All he could say would be, "My dear boy, I don't see how you can feel for one moment like doing these things." And if he can't understand, he won't be much help to the boy.

Sometimes when you have felt weak enough to want a little sympathy, you haven't gone to the good friend who was prolific of advice, have you? Nor yet to him who looked in pity as on an abnormal being? But someone who really cared for you, put his arm around your shoulder, and—well that was about all. But it's too bad we can't remember it oftener.

SORRY TO HAVE MISSED TRIP

Traveler's Regret Is That He Passed Up Opportunity to Cross the Sinai Desert.

The difficulties of the Sinai desert seem to a correspondent to be somewhat exaggerated. Ten years ago, he writes, I visited Jerusalem, Jericho and the Dead sea on my bicycle, and on my return journey was tempted to make the trip from Jaffa to Alexandria by way of Gaza and the coast. As the result of local inquiries (and cycling is not unknown in Palestine, for I got the loan of a pump in Jerusalem) I ascertained that the journey would be only some 150 miles—"six days' camel journey"—and that water would be obtainable at two places. There is no "road," but my experience in Palestine did not make that any disadvantage, for I usually found that a camel track gave considerably better going than the sort of thing that passes as a made road in the wilderness of Judea. Six days by camel would have meant about four days on a cycle, but as that was the exact time I had in hand before my boat sailed from Alexandria, I came to the conclusion that there was not enough margin to work on. To reduce my risks I was prepared to take enough drinking water and food for the whole journey, no other equipment being necessary. I have only once regretted not having made the venture, but that regret is still with me.—Manchester Guardian.

First "Saratoga Chips."

One of the best ways of cooking potatoes was accidentally discovered through the unpunctuality of a train. When the line from Paris to St. Germain was opened, the first train carried an official party, for whom lunch was ordered. The meal was fixed for noon, and shortly before that hour some potatoes were put on to fry. A few minutes afterward a message came that the train would probably be delayed for an hour, so the potatoes were taken off the fire, but left in the pan. Then came a second message. "Train just arriving," and the potatoes were hurriedly put back to fry again. When the party sat down to lunch the potatoes were brought on with a steak. To the delight of the guests, each chip was then found to be blown out like a small, crisp golden balloon. The cook had unconsciously invented pommes de terre soufflees.—London Chronicle.

West Africans Use Soap Freely.

In all parts of West Africa there are evidences that for centuries before the native began to import or to buy European cotton goods from the European trader who came hither, they grew their own cotton and wove on hand looms their own cotton goods. They also manufactured soap, and have made free use of it in keeping both their clothes and bodies clean, as may be observed by those who travel through the country. Some wash their bodies, as a religious ceremony, two and three times a day. This is necessary, as the natives oil their skins as a protection against the painful effects of the sun. They also delight in their white, flowing gowns.

Vacuum Grooming.

All the houses of the park department of New York city are now curried and groomed with a vacuum outfit. It carries away all the dust and dirt and hair that formerly filled the stable at grooming time. The vacuum-grooming set consists of a high-pressure vacuum fan directly connected with a one-sixth horsepower motor. The fan revolves in an aluminum case, to which the vacuum currycomb is connected by means of a long hose. The new machine benefits the hostler, for he no longer runs the risk of infecting his lungs by breathing in the microbes of disease.

WHY HE CONTINUED PLAYING

Denman Thompson Could Not Allow Himself to Be "Outgentlemanned" by a Gambler.

Stories of Denman Thompson's quaint and characteristic doings still circulate along Broadway, now and then. Here is one which was told the other night by the attorney who managed Mr. Thompson's legal business for many years.

"I once went out to confer with Mr. Thompson on an important matter," said he. "I found the hotel at which he was staying, in a western city, and waited for him to arrive. It was almost daylight when he got in.

"'I've been playin' faro bank,' he explained, smiling cheerfully and shaking my hand.

"'You played pretty late,' said I.

"'Yes,' said he, 'I played later than I wanted to. But I really couldn't leave.'

"'Couldn't leave?'

"'No sir, I just couldn't leave. You see, when I started to play I lost all the money I had, about $2,000. I was goin' to quit, when the dealer tells me to go right along and play. He said that Denman Thompson's I. O. U. was good for any amount with him. Well, that was mighty nice, considerin' I never met the man before. I took out a couple of hundred dollars' worth of checks on credit, and I begun to win right away. In about three deals I had all their bank roll and they turned over the box. I was tired and ready to go home, but I sez to myself that I wasn't goin' to let any gambler outgentleman me, so I just told 'em that their I. O. U. was just as good with me as mine was with them, and so I kept on playin' until they won all their money back.'"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

TO IMPROVE THE SUITCASE

Addition of Pockets Will Greatly Increase the Capacity of the Receptacle.

The suitcase can be greatly improved, so far as convenience is concerned, by the addition of pockets. These pockets may be made with or without flaps. If the flaps have snaps upon them the contents will not come out easily when the suitcase is tossed about.

This lining is best made of denim or linen, and can be made detachable, so that it may occasionally go to the laundry. Narrower strips of linen are placed upon that covering the bottom, the inside of the lid and about the sides of the lining, making a double lining, into which rows of machine stitching are placed, joining the two layers of lining together, to form as many pockets as you desire. Three pockets or more can be very well accommodated in the lid, an equal number can be accommodated in the bottom, and several smaller pockets about the sides for jewelry, powder, etc. In this way everything can easily be kept in its place. The larger articles, of course, such as frocks, blouses, skirts, etc., are packed in the remaining open space of the suitcase. If you wish to make an elaborate lining, it can be made of heavy satin.

Japanese.

The brightest, best tempered and most polite people in the world are the Japanese. They absolutely do not know what it is to quarrel, and it is said that if you throw a stone at a dog or cat in Japan, the animal stands and stares at you in amazement—it actually doesn't know what cruelty means. The Japs are a jolly people and fond of a joke, and they are generous and trustful to a marked degree. They also have a strong sense of pride, and travelers relate a peculiar instance of this trait. If a traveler is annoyed by being followed by a crowd—which, however, is always quiet and respectful—he can cause it to melt away like snowflakes on a hot stove by simply halting and holding out a coin. The Japs feel hurt at being taken for mendicants. Fancy what the result would be if a traveler adopted this expedient in the fee-taking cities of Europe. He would be almost torn to pieces by the crowd trying to get the coin.

A Bed for Seventeen.

Probably there is no bed capable of holding so many as seventeen in this country. But such a bed is to be found in the Mount Tet hut (10,000 feet above the sea), one of the Swiss mountain cabins belonging to the Alpine club. The bed is really constructed to hold only fourteen, but the day on which a party visited the hut was so exceptionally clear, and the conditions for climbing were so favorable, that twenty-one members and friends, besides the guides accompanying them, turned up at the cabin to stay the night. The guides took possession of the kitchen and the twenty-one sorted themselves out as follows—seventeen "slept" on the bed, three on the floor, and the remaining one in a chair.

Origin of Veronica.

One of the most interesting of twisted names is the girl's name, Veronica, which, by the way, is not so common as its beauty entitles it to be. You probably know the legend of how St. Veronica wiped the brow of Christ on his way to Calvary, and how on the handkerchief a miraculous print of the Savior's face remained. This was the "verum ikon" (the true image) celebrated in Christian legend, and the name Veronica bestowed upon the saint was simply an anagram of those two words.

Political Announcements.

The following schedule of charges for political announcements in the approaching primary campaign will prevail:

Announcements of candidates for Judge $25. Announcements of candidates for Sheriff County Treasurer, Recorder, Register, Prothonotary, District Attorney, County Commissioners, $10 each. County Auditors, Jury Commissioners, Coroner and County Surveyor, $5 each.

All political announcements are payable strictly in advance.

FOR JUDGE

We are authorized to announce as the candidate of the people and for the people the name of J. Kennedy Johnston for the office of Judge in Centre County (being the 49th,, Judicial District) who respectfully solicits your influence and support on his behalf for said office upon a non-partisan ticket.

We are authorized to announce that N. B Spangler is a candidate for the office of Judge, subject to the decision of the voters at the primaries to be held, Tuesday, September 21st.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of President Judge of Centre County on the non-partisan ballot.

CLEMENT DALE.

To the electors of Centre County:—

I hereby announce as a candidate for the office of Judge of the Courts of Centre County, pledging an honest, prompt and efficient administration. Your vote and support are earnestly solicited, both at the primary, September 21st, and the election, November 2d, 1915.

HENRY C. QUIGLEY,
Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SHERIFF

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of George H. Yarnell, of Walker Township, for the Republican nomination for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the forthcoming primaries.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER

The undersigned desires to formally announce his candidacy for the Republican nomination for County Treasurer, subject to the will of the Republican voters as expressed at the coming primaries.

DAVID CHAMBERS.
Clarence, Pa.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of A. H. Hartswick, of State College township, for the Republican nomination for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican electors of Centre County at may be expressed by them at the primary election of 1915. Mr. Hartswick asks the support of all Republican voters at the primaries assuring them that the same will be appreciated.

FOR RECORDER

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce he name of William H. Brown, of Bellefonte Borough, for the Republican nomination for Recorder, subject to the decision of the primaries of 1915.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Harry W. Schreffler, of Bellefonte borough, for the Republican nomination for Recorder, subject to the decision of the primaries to be held on September 21st, 1915. Mr Schreffler respectfully asks the support of al Republicans at the primaries, assuring them that it will be appreciated.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of J. Wells Smith, of Howard Township, for the Republican nomination for Recorder, subject to the decision of the Republican electors at the primaries to be held on September 21st, 1915. Mr. Smith cordially asks the kindly influence and support of all Republicans.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Isaac Miller, (carpenter), of Bellefonte borough, for nomination on the Republican ticket at the primaries of 1915 for the office of County Commissioner. Mr Miller respectfully asks the support of the Republican voters of the county.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Harry S. Stuart, of Sandy Ridge, Rush Township, for Republican nomination for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the primaries of 1915. Mr. Stuart respectfully asks the support of all Republicans for the nomination.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Harry P. Austin, of Milesburg Borough, for Republican nomination for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries on September 21st, 1915. Mr. Austin respectfully asks the support of all Republicans.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Robert D. Musser, farmer, of Gregg Township (P. O. Address Spring Mills Bell phone 11-R-5) for Republican nomination for County Commissioner. Mr. Musser respectfully asks the kindly influence and support of the Republican voters of Centre County at the primaries to be held on September 21st 1915.

FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of W. C. Cassidy for Republican nomination for the office of Justice of the Peace in the South and West Wards of Bellefonte Borough, subject to the decision of the primaries to be held on September 21st. 1915.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the candidacy of W. H. Musser for the Republican nomination for Justice of the Peace in the North Ward of Bellefonte Borough, subject to the decision of the primaries to be held on September 21st. 1915. Mr. Musser respectfully asks the support of the Republican voters of the North Ward.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of C. H. Gramley, of Miles Township (Post Office, Rebersburg, Pa.) for nomination on the Republican ticket for County Auditor, subject to the decisions of the Republican electors at the primaries on September 21st, 1915. Mr. Gramley respectfully solicits the influence and support of all Republicans.

For a mild, easy action of the bowels, try Doan's Regulets, a modern laxative. 25c at all stores.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he s senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

KEEP YOUR PEEPERS ON THE

Farmers Supply Store

Don't You Know That We Are Selling

No. 3 New Idea Manure Spreaders at $115.00 and the No. 4 at $120.00, guaranteed.

Champion 5 foot Draw Cut Mowers, with two knives, at $40.00 none better.

10-foot Automatic Hay Rake at $22.00. Hay rope, blocks, harpoons and track at prices that will astonish you. We carry a

Full Line of Tillage Machinery

and you know all about the high merits of the Brookville Wagon, second to none and fully guaranteed at prices that you are paying for No. 3 quality wagons. We can do this because we don't keep up automobiles, horses and rigs to come out to take up your time, for we eat at our own table and sleep in our own bed and can give you the benefit of our traveling expense.

Binder Twine at 9 & 9½c per pound

Thanks for past favors, and if we have done the right thing with you we ask a share of your patronage.

John G. Dubbs

Bellefonte - - - Pa.

London's Treasures Guarded.

Extensive precautions have been taken in London to guard art treasures against the menace of air raids. The custodians of art galleries and museums long ago removed to vaults or similar places the most precious of their portable exhibits. At the British museum a number of priceless manuscripts, books, and other objects have been stored away in safes. Some measure of risk must, however, be borne in a building which contains 40 miles of bookshelves and massive pieces of sculpture. Visitors to the National gallery find the major part of the building closed. At the Guildhall the most valuable pictures have been placed in the basement. The magnificent Gainsborough, "Fording the River," has been removed from the walls. In the corporation strong room in the basement is stored what is probably the finest collection of municipal records in the world. It includes the charter of William the Conqueror "to William, Bishop and Gosfegdh, Portreeve, and all the burgesses within London," securing to them their ancient liberties. Every reign since the Conqueror is represented in the charters.

The Latest War Story.

Soldier's Unmarried Wife (who has been living with her man for eleven years, to charming and aristocratic widow, the local representative of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' association)—Well, ma'am, I'm going to be married next week, and I want you to come to the wedding. You've been so kind it would not be right without you.

Fair Widow—I shall be delighted to come, Mrs. Brown. What day is it?

Mrs. Brown—On Thursday, ma'am.

Fair Widow—That is very unfortunate. I am afraid I cannot go, as I have another important engagement.

Mrs. Brown—Is it very important, ma'am? Can't you put it off?

Fair Widow—Well, the truth is, I am going to be married myself.

Mrs. Brown—Ah, I quite understand. It doesn't do to miss the chance of getting married when you gets the opportunity!—London Tit-Bits.

Rather Indefinite.

Guest (in restaurant)—Waiter, you don't mean to say this is spring lamb?

Waiter—Yassah; dat's what it am, sah.

Guest—Um! Spring of what year?

BROUGHT ACTION TO AN END

Appearance of the "Deceased" in Chancery Court a Blow to Army of Lawyers.

It was a suit in chancery, and there was a great gathering of the deceased's family, quarreling, as relatives will, over the division of the spoils. The lawyers engaged chuckled, for the suit seemed likely to be prolonged and complicated.

There were many lawyers, too, and the judge marveled at the immensity of the deceased man's family as silk and stuff rose in rapid succession, introducing themselves with the usual formula: "And I, my lord, am for the nephews, or nieces, or fifteenth cousins removed, as the case may be, of the deceased." The procession seemed interminable, but at last it came to an end. Then a small voice was heard timidly saying from the back of the court, "May I be allowed to speak, my lord?"

There was dead silence as his lordship adjusted his spectacles and asked, rather dejectedly, "Who are you?"

The answer was, to say the least, unexpected.

"I am the deceased, my lord," said the modest voice from the back of the court. That ended the action.

Quite unknown to his relatives, the "deceased" had turned up from the wilds of Rhodesia. Obviously a man of humor, he must have taken a delight in watching how "the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley."

Co-operation in Russia.

Even today millions of the Russian peasants are not only too poor to employ any but the simplest instruments of agriculture, but the smallness of their acres makes the machinery we are accustomed to out of the question.

On the other hand, there are large estates with the finest modern machinery, while the peasant proprietor is gradually overcoming the difficulty by co-operative buying.

Six million households were associated with co-operative associations in 1911, and 310 out of the 370 zemstvos were last year engaged in the sale of agricultural machinery.

Long years of experience in the semicommunal dealings of the "mir" have trained the Russian peasants in the qualities necessary for co-operative enterprise.

Hamilton Watches

in all grades and all sizes. We want you to come in and look this watch over reputed to be, and positively is, the very best American watch made. Used by over half the railroad men of the United States.

Use our phones. Both just inside the door, FREE

F. P. BLAIR & SON

JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bellefonte, Pa.

Correspondence

Pine Grove Mills.

Miss Gertie Keichline has purchased a residence at State College.

After a three weeks visit among Penns Valley friends, Mrs. Esther Fry departed last Friday for her home in Philadelphia.

John and Randell Dunlap, of St. Benedict, were home on the Fourth to help make the eagle scream.

G. H. Ward, of Pittsburgh, and J. H. Ward, Trevorton; Mrs. Maggie Gates, of West Virginia; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Meyers and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Meyers of Alexandria; Hon. L. C. Thomas, of Latrobe; Robert McRea and family, of Pittsburgh; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fisher, of Danville; Mrs. Sarah Stover, of Centre Hall; Miss Ruth and Hugh Goss, of Tyrone; Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Goss and two boys Jack and Curtis, of Reading, were among the home-comers in town last week.

John Wobds, the veteran tar burner, came out of Old Tussey last week with four barrels of the pure pitch pine tar with which he is now supplying his large trade.

Road Supervisor John E. Reed has been critically ill the past week with an attack of acute indigestion, but is now improving.

Miss Olive Mitchell, of Bellefonte, enjoyed a drive last Friday and paid a brief visit to her old home farm near town and noted how Farmer Swabb is getting along on the farm and also as supervisor.

Rev. J. O. McCracken and family are spending the hot weather season at the old family home and aiding in gathering in the harvest.

Saturday evening, July 3d, the J. Cal Kreps home at Struble was the scene of a happy birthday party for the eldest daughter, Anna, who attained her eighteenth birthday. A splendid supper was served and the young folks had a rollicking good time. Miss Anna was the recipient of numerous handsome and useful presents.

Miss Lottie O'Bryan was granted a week's vacation from the home farm and spent Old Home Week among her many friends at Pleasant Gap and Bellefonte.

Mrs. Nannie Shaw is planning for a trip to the western part of the State and will be gone several weeks.

A. J. Lytle is having his mansion home altered and his tenant house done over in a coat of orange and brown trimmings. Ziegler Bros. have the job.

Claude B. Hess, retired merchant, Civil war veteran and all-round good citizen, is nursing a broken leg, caused by a mis step while alighting from a rig at Penna. Furnace two weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Weiland, tenant farmers on the Dr Fry farm at Fairbrook, are receiving congratulations on the arrival of twins, a boy and a girl. The arrivals are their first born and the parents are correspondingly happy.

J. Al. Musser and J. N. Bell were among the town visitors last week.

G. Mc Fry and wife were over-Sunday visitors at the W. H. Glenn home on West Main Street.

J. W. Miller and parents took a joy ride in his Overland car to Huntingdon and other places along the route last Sunday.

Rev. L. S. Spangler came over from Everett and spent several days greeting his old parishioners last week. He says they like the new charge very much.

Rev. J. E. Reish, of Loganton, in his new Ford car, took a spin through the valley last week greeting old chums and spending some time with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Reish, at Rock Springs.

Ed. W. Miller, while painting the Ladies' Cottage at State College, had a close call for his life. He was at work at the eave of the building when the plank broke and he fell, striking the porch roof and bounding to the ground. His collar bone was broken and his shoulder dislocated.

The long wet spell continues and many fields of hay have spoiled and been left to rot. This week will see most of the wheat in shock.

W. K. Corl has purchased a new Frank thresher and will put two threshers on the route.

Isaac Miller, of Bellefonte, and his son Ed., of Philade'phia, motored down the valley last Friday to their earthly possessions at Tadpole. The veteran carpenter did not fail to talk a "leedle" politics along the line anent his candidacy for Republican nomination for County Commissioner.

Mrs. Annie Shoop, of Spruce Creek, was a visitor at the N. C. Neidigh home at White Hall recently and also attended Old Home Week at Bellefonte.

While Tax Collector J. E. Elder was driving along near Struble several days ago an auto struck his buggy and pitched him into the road. He had several ribs fractured and was otherwise injured. A passing auto picked him up and delivered him to his home on the Branch. The buggy was badly twisted but the horse was not injured. The driver of the auto agreed that it was due to his negligence and to pay all bills.

Harry Fetzer, grade boss on the State highway on the Branch, handed in his resignation on July 3d to accept a similar job over in Clearfield County. At present Supervisor J. A. Decker is filling the place.

Milesburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Snyder, of Altoona, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Snyder.

William Essington, of Cross Forks, spent the past week with C. K. Essington.

Charles Williams, of Williamsport, visited recently with Mr. and Mrs. William Walker.

Edward Shope, of East Altoona, spent the past week with Miss Lida Shope.

The Misses Janet, from Lock Haven, visited recently with Harry Janet.

Miss Helen Davison, who has been visiting Mr. Enoch Hugg, has returned to her home in Philipsburg.

Miss Lulu Schenck, of Howard, visited her sister Miss Grayce during Old Home Week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holt and children are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Litch Aikens.

Miss Verna Yeager, of Curtin, visited Miss Rena Emenhizer during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Swyers and family, of Brooklyn, N. Y., have returned home, after visiting the former's mother, Mrs. Ellen Swyers.

Miss Edna Lutz, after visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Jodon, has returned to her home in Altoona.

William Watson, of Unionville, Sundayed with his sister, Mrs. Christ Jodon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jodon and family of Pittsburg are visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Jodon.

Austin Watson, of Orviston, is visiting Mrs. Orin Heaton.

Miss Eva Dixon, of Tyrone, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Edgar Neff.

Mrs. Joseph Adams and children, of Pitcairn, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Adams.

Miss Malone, of Yarnell, recently visited with Miss Daisy Shawley.

Dallas Bullock Sundayed in Howard.

T. A. Hugg has returned to Williamsport after a two weeks vacation.

Miss Jennie Vaughn and Miss Naomi Adams are visiting in Brierly.

Mr. and Mrs. Whipple, of Hagerstown Md., are visiting at Faxon's.

Mr. and Mrs. Royer, of Mifflinburg, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Tom Faxon.

Woodward.

Those who are at the Woodward House spending their vacation are: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Day and son, Jackson, from Millersburg; Mr. and Mrs. Geiger and daughter, Miss Claribel and Miss Coover, from Harrisburg; Mr. and Mrs. Albright and two sons, from Chicago, Ill; Miss Jane Evey, from Danville, and Miss Lucile Owens, from Lewisburg.

Last week one day Dr. Musser took Mrs. James Weaver to the Lock Haven hospital where she underwent an operation.

Miss Florence Overdorf, from Jersey Shore, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Bessie Haines.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smallwood, from Paulsboro, N. J., were guests at the home of the lady's parents, Dr. W. P. Ard's, last week.

Prof. Charles Kreamer, wife and son Carl, from Wellsboro, are spending their vacation with the former's parents, J. L. Kreamer's.

Mrs. Harry Zieme, from Johnstown, is visiting her parents.

Miss Isabel Hosterman, from Buffalo, N. Y., and Miss Amber Hosterman, from New York City, are spending the summer with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hosterman.

John Bower and family, from Northumberland, and Samuel Orndorf and family, from Coburn, spent Sunday very pleasantly at the home of Miss Phoebe Wise.

Mr. Foote, wife and two daughters, from Millheim, were entertained at the home of D. J. Benner on Sunday.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the Bellefonte postoffice:

Miss Bessie Brene, H. J. Cole, Mrs. Alice Dutrow, G. H. Gillespie, Dr. Alexander Hepler, Mrs. Samuel Hess, Peter Moon, John Rakey, J. Irvin Rose, William Rupert, Miss Arvilla Stover, Dan A. Thirst, Barney Wolf, and Miss Christine Yates. When called for please say advertised.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

Mt. Eagle.

Lott Neff, of Howard, was in town early Monday morning in quest of his youngest boy who wandered away from home on Sunday.

Alf Strickland, from Monument, was in town on Saturday looking after his property and greeting old friends.

The Kennedy M. E. Sunday school will hold a festival on July 24th on the church lawn. Ice cream and cake will be served and all are cordially invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Leathers, of Brookville, drove over in their car and are visiting at the home of Mrs. Etta Leathers.

Mr. and Mrs. John Leathers and family spent Sunday with the latter's mother, Mrs. Will Bitner.

Thomas McCartney, whose barn was blown down some time ago, has another ready for the roof.

Mrs. Austin Reeder, of Flemington, with her daughter, is visiting at the Austin Bathurst home.

William Dietz, superintendent of a large tea house in Erie, accompanid by his sister, Miss Anna, of Lock Haven, took supper Sunday evening at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Deitz.

The young son of Justice Leathers got hold of some strychnine pills one evening last week and eat them. He had a narrow escape from death.

Several car loads of mine props were shipped from here last week.

Well, Old Home Week is past and quite a few from Mt. Eagle were in Bellefonte to help along with the big celebration. On July 3d Howard had a very nice celebration, with a large crowd in attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. John Braumbaugh and three children spent Sunday at the home of the latter's father.

Fruit Loss Due to Fire

Fire blight attacks on apple and pear orchards in the southern half of Pennsylvania have reduced the crop prospects from 100 per cent to less than 10 per cent, remarks Dr. John P. Stewart, experimental pomologist of the Pennsylvania State College. After visiting the affected districts, Dr. Stewart pronounced the outbreak to be the most serious he had ever observed in several parts of the State. He said it was little short of a calamity in those localities, involving tremendous losses to fruit growers.

Dr. Stewart described the orchards attacked as offering the appearance of woodland swept by forest fires. The disease affects the blossoms and twigs of pears, apples and quinces, he said, giving them the appearance of having been singed by fire.

According to Dr. Stewart there is no simple remedy to correct the situation. Constant removal of all diseased parts, making the cuts well beyond the external evidence of the injury, disinfecting the large wounds, and frequent washing of the pruning tools with dense lime-sulphur solution or corrosive sublimate, he said, were the principal and most reliable methods of control.

Mrs. Wills Rishel Dead.

Mrs. Willis Rishel died at her late home at Montgomery on Tuesday at 12 o'clock from a complication of diseases. Deceased was aged 45 years and was born at Spring Mills. She is survived by her mother, her husband and two brothers, Harry Ruhl, of Bellefonte, and William Ruhl, of Spring Mills. Funeral services were held today at 10 o'clock at Spring Mills. By a wide circle of friends Mrs. Rishel was held in affectionate esteem. She was a woman possessing many beautiful qualities which had greatly endeared her to all who were privileged to know her intimately.

Harold Ray Homan Dead.

Harold Ray Homan died at State College on Friday, July 9th, aged 4 years and 11 days. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Park Homan. His death was due to spinal trouble. Funeral services were conducted on Monday by Rev. Mr. Traub. Interment was made at Pine Hall.

Miss Lizzie Stover Dead.

Miss Lizzie Stover died on Sunday at her late home at Centre Hall. She was well known and highly respected and her death is deeply mourned by many friends. She was aged 61 years. Funeral services were held on Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock.

Elected Second Lieutenant.

At a special meeting of Troop L, First Cavalry, N. G. P., held on Tuesday evening, Claude Smith, of State College, was elected Second Lieutenant to succeed J. Linn Blackford, resigned.

For Sale Cheap.

1 large refrigerator.
1 cream separator.
1 ice box.
2 sticking machines.
1 shingle jointer.
2 shingle bolting machines.
1 drag saw machine.
1 35-horse power engine.
1 automatic box board machine.

Lot of used machinery, shafting and pulleys.

Store counters and tables.

Would take lumber in exchange. Apply to

F. W. CRIDER,
Bellefonte, Pa.

Live Stock Men

don't be helpless when you have a sick cow

horse or pig. Take advantage of the result of Dr. Roberts' life work. Animal ailments are the same everywhere. Dr. Roberts has encountered all forms of animal diseases and ailments in his 25 years' practice and worked out treatments for most cases. You can have these same treatments. They are the same as he uses on his own blooded stock. These prescriptions have been used by Dr. Roberts when called hundreds and thousands of miles to treat valuable blooded animals. If you wish special information concerning your herd or any animal, you can get

Absolutely Free Veterinary Advice
on all ailments of Cattle, Horses, Hogs, Sheep and Poultry

Your request will be answered personally by Dr. Roberts and held strictly confidential. This is a privilege you surely cannot fail to appreciate. Don't hesitate—write Dr. David Roberts, Waukesha, Wis., mention our name, send 2-cent stamp for reply, and get the advice of the nation's highest authority on Live Stock Ailments.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.
Bellefonte - - - Pa.

WHEN A MAN MARRIES

IS HE SUPPOSED TO ESPOUSE ENTIRE FAMILY?

Consensus of Cases Seems to Show That He Actually Marries His Wife and All Her Relatives—

"Does a man marry his wife's family?" He claims he doesn't. But a prominent society woman declared not long ago that he does, no matter what he thinks about it, and more recently a prominent college professor made the same statement.

Looking around among one's acquaintances, for evidence, it is a pretty general fact that the wife's family is more in evidence than the husband's. One hears more of the wife's kin, and the children seem to be better acquainted with relatives on the maternal side.

When mother's relatives come a-visiting they are made much of and given the run of the house. If any of father's relatives have the temerity to invite themselves for an extended visit there is a chill in the home atmosphere and nobody acts natural—least of all father, who is made to feel that he is imposing upon the good nature of his overworked spouse.

The wife's relatives feel that it is not only their right but their bounden duty to butt in, no matter what the circumstances. And usually the butting in is accepted meekly and endured more or less amiably by the entire family. Any husband who is a gentleman will do his kicking away from home, or, if he cannot contain himself at the moment, go down and poke the furnace and commune with the cat.

And yet, on the whole, the wife's relatives seldom do the amount of damage that a husband's relatives can do, once they determine to make themselves felt.

When a husband's mother decides that his children are not being brought up right, or that his wife is extravagant or a poor housekeeper, etc., and that her interference is necessary, real trouble starts, not only for the man's wife but even more so for the man himself. His mother-in-law would never dare to attempt what his own mother will do to him.

The wife may have a ne'er-do-well brother who occasionally comes and camps upon her hospitality. But if the husband has such a brother, nine times in ten the brother has married and expects his more prosperous relatives to support a wife and numerous progeny.

As for fathers-in-law on both sides—they don't count appreciably. By the time a man becomes a father-in-law he has been so well trained into his proper sphere that he wisely refuses to mix in any kind of family affairs that do not concern his finances. Anyway, there is usually a chord of sympathetic understanding between a man and his father-in-law, while every wife knows the wiles that will bind her father-in-law to her for ever and aye.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

How Doctor Abbott Prepares Sermon.

My method of preparation for any sermon or address is to consider, first, not my subject, but my object—that is, what I want to accomplish. Next I consider what thoughts and what organization of those thoughts will be best fitted to accomplish that object. And, third, in arranging those thoughts I endeavor to make of them not a chain but a river, to make my argument cumulative, not merely logical, so that the last thoughts will be not merely the conclusion but the climax of the thoughts that have gone before. This I generally do without the use of pen or pencil. Usually, however, I jot down in a notebook or on a sheet of paper the major points in the address after I have arranged them in my mind, though I never have this paper before me in speaking. It is much more important to keep my mind in touch with my auditors than in touch with my theme.—Lyman Abbott in the Outlook.

Penny-A-Word Column

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of F. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Store room, also two dwellings, for rent in Milesburg Borough. Inquire of Toner A. Hugg. 3 25-tf.

FOR RENT Large Brick Garage, location Main Street, Snow Shoe, Pa. Inquire of W. D. O'Brien, Snow Shoe, Pa.

FOR SALE—High grade Holstein Friesian cows for sale, also 4 young bulls old enough for service; 4 heifers. All sired by Tioga King Clothilde No. 52325, H. F. H. B. These young cattle are 7/8 pure.—R. D. Musser, Spring Mills, Pa Bell phone, 11—5.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

HELP WANTED—Guaranteed salary paid any woman to distribute hosiery to customers. Experience unnecessary, all or part time; for particulars and complete outfit address: International Mills, Dept. 2 Norristown, Pa.

FARM LANDS—Small Missouri Farm $5 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; wonderful opportunity; write for photographs and full information. Munger, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

WANTED—A man over 30 years old with plenty of "pep" to cover 33 towns in that section. Steady work during the next ten months and good wages. Write at once and get started next week. GLEN BROS., Wholesale Dept., Rochester, N. Y.

HELP WANTED—Good pay—men, women, introducing hosiery direct mill to wearer, guaranteed four months. Part or all time, permanent, no experience. Liberal terms. Complete outfit. INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Penn St., Norristown, Pa.

FOR SALE—The Mrs. Jonas G. Stine property, near Waddle. Six room house a good summer house, good stable, all necessary out buildings, good fruit of all kinds and good running water, one acre of ground in good condition. Located one and one-half miles East of Waddle station. For particulars apply to Mrs. Jonas G. Stine, Stormstown, Pa., R. F. D. No. 1.

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Thoroughly experienced in all kinds of drilling. We understand the business in all its branches. Prepared at all times to give estimates on work. No job too small or too large for us. Reference furnished, based on contracts we have handled in Centre County.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

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A. THOMAS,
Clarence, Pa.

Madam, Allow Me
To Introduce the
New

Post Toasties

You may have eaten 'corn flakes' but you have never tasted any that equal the New Post Toasties.

These new flakes, madam, are crisp and flakey, and have a substance and toastie flavour, a snap and zest that make them distinctive.

Dainty to be sure in their sweetness, the New Post Toasties have a body and firmness that don't mush down when cream or milk is added; and a true ripe-corn flavour that makes one feel that here, at last, is something really new and good to eat.

New Post Toasties--selected Indian corn, prepared for the table as it was never prepared before.

Your grocer has them now.

Buy and Try and Smile Awhile

The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE
The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Company
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SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend Jameson, a newspaper man. After many fruitless attempts to put Elaine and Craig Kennedy out of the way the Clutching Hand is at last found to be none other than Perry Bennett, Elaine's lawyer and the man she is engaged to marry. Bennett flees to the den of one of his Chinese criminals. The Chinaman forces from Bennett the secret of the whereabouts of $7,000,000. Then he gives the lawyer a potion which will suspend animation for months. Kennedy reaches Bennett's side just after he has lost consciousness.

EIGHTEENTH EPISODE

THE VENGEANCE OF WU FANG.

Elaine was still in the power of Wu Fang. Kennedy had thwarted the Chinese master criminal in his search for the millions amassed by the Clutching Hand. But any joy that he might have derived from this success was completely obscured by the fear that Wu might wreak some diabolical vengeance on Elaine.

Nor were Kennedy's fears unfounded. Wu and Long Sin had scarcely reached the secret apartment when the subtle Chinaman began to contemplate revenge.

Long Sin was smoking a Chinese pipe, resting after their hurried flight, while Wu, the tireless, was seated at a table at the other end of the room. At last Wu Fang took up a long Chinese dirk from the table before him, looked at it, turned it over, felt its edge. He rose and deliberately walked across to a door leading into a back room.

On a couch lay Elaine, and with her, as a guardian, was Weepy Mary.

As Wu, the Serpent, entered and advanced slowly toward Elaine, she crouched back from him in deadly fear.

Slowly he drew from under his robe the Chinese dirk. He felt the edge of it again and gazed significantly at Elaine.

It was a critical moment.

Just then Long Sin entered. "One of the five millions waits outside," he reported simply, with a bow.

Wu understood. It had been a pleasant fiction of his that although he did not, of course, absolutely control such a stupendous organization, he could, by his subtle power, force almost unlimited allegiance from the simple coolies in that district of China from which he came.

Out in the front room, just a moment before, a knock at the door had disturbed Long Sin, and a Chinese servant had announced a visitor. Long Sin had waved to the servant to usher him in, and a poorly clad coolie had entered.

He bowed as Long Sin faced him. "Where is the master?" he had asked.

Long Sin had not deigned to speak. With a mere wave of his hand he indicated that he would be the bearer of the message, and had followed Wu through the door of the back room.

So, almost by chance, Wu was interrupted in the brutal vengeance which had first come to his mind. He sheathed the knife and, still without a word, went back into the main room, giving a nod to Weepy Mary to guard Elaine closely.

Wu eyed the coolie until the newcomer could almost feel the master's penetrating gaze, although his head was bowed in awe. Quickly the coolie thrust his hand under his blouse and drew forth a package. With another bow he advanced.

"For your enemies, O master," he said, handing the package over to Wu.

The coolie started to open the package, removed the paper wrapper, and then a silk wrapping inside. Finally he came to a box, from which he drew a leather pouch, each operation conducted with greater care as it became evident that the contents were especially precious in some way. Then he took from the pouch a small vial.

"What is it?" demanded Wu Fang, as the coolie displayed it.

The coolie draw forth now a magnifying glass and a glass slide. Opening the vial with great care he shook something out on the slide, then placed it under the lens.

"Look!" he said simply.

Wu bent over and looked. Under the lens what had formerly seemed to be merely a black speck of dirt became now one of the most weird and uncanny little creatures to be found in all the realm of nature. It seemed to be all legs and feelers moving at once. A normal person would have looked at the creature only with the greatest repugnance. Wu regarded it with a sort of unholy fascination.

"And it is?" he queried.

"What the white man calls the African tick which carries the recurrent fever," answered the coolie deferentially.

A flash of intense exultation seemed to darken Wu Fang's sinister face.

"Wait," he said to the coolie, as he moved slowly again into the back room.

Long Sin had remained there. With Weepy Mary he was guarding Elaine, when Wu Fang re-entered. Elaine was thoroughly aroused by this time.

"Suffering is a state of mind," Wu said in a low tone, "and I have decided that it would be poor revenge for me to harm you. You are free."

Nothing could have come as a greater surprise to Elaine.

"Do you—do you really mean it?" she asked, scarcely able to believe what her ears heard.

Wu merely nodded, and with a wave of his hand to Long Sin indicated that Elaine was to be released.

She nerved herself to take several steps toward the door. She had scarcely crossed half the room.

"Wait!" ordered Wu sharply.

Was he merely torturing her, as a cat might torture a mouse? She stopped obediently, afraid to look at him.

"This will be the vengeance of Wu Fang," he went on impressively. "Slowly, one by one, your friends will weaken and die, then your family, until finally only you are left. Then will come your turn."

He stopped again and raised his long, lean forefinger. "Go," he hissed. "I wish you much joy."

* * * * * * *

I don't think that in all our friendship I have ever seen Kennedy so utterly depressed as he was when we returned after the discovery of the vast fortune which Bennett had cleverly secreted.

There seemed to be absolutely nothing to do until some new clue turned up. I placed my hand on his shoulder, but the words that would encourage him died on my lips. Several times I started to speak, but each time I checked myself. There did not seem to be anything that would be appropriate for such an occasion.

A sharp ring at the telephone made both of us fairly jump, so nervous had we become. Kennedy reached over instantly for the instrument in the vague hope that at last there was some news.

As I watched his face it changed first from despair to wonder, and finally it seemed to light up with the most remarkable look of relief and happiness that one could imagine.

"I shall be right over," he cried, jamming the receiver down on the hook, and in the same motion reaching for his hat and coat. "Walter," he cried, "it is Elaine! They have let her go!"

I seized my own hat and coat in time to follow him, and we dashed out of the laboratory.

The suspense under which Aunt Josephine had been living had told on

He Felt the Edge of the Dagger and Gazed Significantly at Elaine.

her. Her niece, Elaine's cousin, Mary Brown, who lived at Rockledge, had come into the city to comfort Aunt Josephine, and they had been sitting that morning in the library.

Suddenly a startled cry from Jennings out in the hall caused both ladies to jump to their feet. They could scarcely believe what they heard as the faithful old butler cried out the name.

"Why, Miss Elaine!" he gasped.

An instant later Elaine herself burst into the room and flung herself into Aunt Josephine's arms. All talking and half crying from joy at once, they crowded about her.

In the excitement Aunt Josephine had seized the telephone and called our number. She did not even wait to break the good news, but handed the telephone to Elaine herself.

We left the laboratory on the run, too fast to notice that just around the building line at the corner stood a limousine with shades drawn. Even if we had paused to glance back we could not have seen Wu Fang and Long Sin inside gazing out through the corner of the curtains. They were in European dress now, and had evidently come prepared for just what they knew was likely to happen.

We were admitted by the faithful Jennings and almost ran into the library.

"Oh, Craig!" cried Elaine, as Kennedy, almost speechless, seized her by both hands.

For a few seconds none of us could speak. Then followed a veritable flood of eager conversation.

"Won't you come and stay with me a few days up in the country, dear?" urged Mary at last.

Elaine thought a moment, then turned to Aunt Josephine.

"Yes," considered her aunt, "I think it would do you good."

Still she hesitated, then shyly looked at Kennedy and laughed. "You, too, Craig, must be fagged out," she said, frankly. "Come up there with us and take a rest."

Kennedy smiled. "I shall be delighted," he accepted promptly.

We chatted, then left a few moments later so that Kennedy could pack.

* * * * * * *

Around the corner from the laboratory, as we dashed out, had been, as I have said, Wu Fang and Long Sin looking out from the limousine. No sooner had we disappeared across the campus than the driver started up the car and they sped around to our apartment.

Cautiously they alighted and walked down the street. Then, making sure they were not observed, they entered and mounted the stairs to our doorway. Long Sin was stationed down the hall on guard, while Wu Fang drew from his pocket a blank key, a file and a candle. He lighted the candle and held the key in its flame until it was covered with soot.

Then he inserted the key into the keyhole, turned it and took the key out. He filed the key, trying it again and again. Finally he finished and opened the door. Beckoning Long Sin, he entered our room.

As they stood there Wu Fang gazed about our living room keenly. He was evidently considering where to place something.

Finally his eye rested on the telephone. It seemed to suggest an idea to him and he crossed over to it. Carefully holding down the receiver on the hook, he unscrewed the case which holds the diaphragm, while with his clever fingers he held the rest of the instrument intact. Then he removed from his pocket the vial which the coolie had given him and placed its contents on the diaphragm itself. Quickly now he replaced the receiver and, having finished their work, Long Sin and Wu Fang stealthily crept out.

A second time, as we approached our apartment after the visit to Elaine, we were too excited to notice the limousine in which were Wu and Long Sin. But no sooner had we entered than Long Sin left the car with a final word of instruction from his master.

Upstairs, in the apartment, Kennedy began hurriedly to pack, and I helped him as well as I could. We were in the midst of it when the telephone rang and I answered it.

"Hello!" I called.

There was no response.

"Hello, hello!" I repeated, raising my voice.

Still there was no answer. I worked the hook up and down, but could get no reply, and finally, disgusted, hung up.

A moment later, I recall now, it seemed to me as though some one had stuck a pin into the lobe of my ear.

We had scarcely got back to work when the telephone bell jangled again, and a second time I answered it.

"Is Mr. Kennedy there?" came back a strange voice.

I handed the instrument to Craig.

"Hello!" he called. "Who is this?"

No response.

"Hello, hello!" he shouted, working the hook as I had done and, in my case, there was still no answer.

Neither of us thought anything of it at the time, but now I recall that I did see Kennedy once or twice press the lobe of his ear as though something had hurt it.

We did not know until later that in a pay station down the street our arch enemy, Long Sin, had been calling us up and then, with a wicked smile, refusing to speak to us.

* * * * * * *

It was about a week later that I came home late one night from the Star, feeling pretty done up. Whatever it was, a violent fever seemed to have come on me suddenly. The next morning when I woke up I felt a lassitude that made it quite hard enough even to lounge about in my bathrobe. Finally, feeling no better, I decided to see a doctor. I put on my clothes with a decided effort and went out.

The nearest doctor was about half a block away and we scarcely knew him, for neither Kennedy nor I are exactly sickly.

He sounded me and pounded me, talked a little while on generalities, diet and exercise, then walked over to a cabinet, and emptied out a few pills into a little paper box.

"Take one every hour," he said. "Cut your cigarettes to three a day, and don't drink coffee. Four dollars, please."

I paid him and went back to the apartment, my head soon in a whirl from a new onset of the fever.

I managed to get back into my bathrobe, and threw myself down on the divan, propped up with pillows. I had taken the pills, but they had no more effect than sugar or milk. By this time I was much more delirious and was crying out.

I saw faces about me, but I did not see the faces which were actually out by our hall door. Wu Fang and Long Sin had waited patiently for their revenge. Now that they thought sufficient time had elapsed, they had stolen silently to the apartment door. While Ling Sin watched, Wu listened.

"The white devil has it," whispered Wu Fang, as he rejoined his fellow conspirator.

How long I should have remained in this state, and in fact how long I did remain, I don't know. Vaguely, I recall that our acquaintance, Johnson, who had the apartment across the hall, at last heard my cries and came in.

Somehow or other I knew the state I was in. I knew it was Johnson, yet it all seemed unreal to me. With a great effort I gathered all my scattered wits and managed to shout out, "Telegraph Kennedy—Rockledge."

* * * * * * *

At about the same time, up at Rockledge, Kennedy and Elaine, with her cousin, Mary Brown, were starting out for a horseback ride through the hills. They were chatting gayly, but Kennedy was forcing himself to do so.

In fact, they had scarcely gone half a mile when Kennedy, who was riding between the two and fighting off by sheer nerve the illness he felt, suddenly fell over in half a faint on the

"Look!" Said Kennedy, Turning to His Microscope.

horse's neck. Elaine and Mary reined up their horses.

"Why, Craig," cried Elaine, startled, "what's the matter?"

The sound of her voice seemed to arouse him. He braced up. "Oh, nothing, I guess," he said with a forced smile. "I'm all right."

It was no use, however. They had to cut short the ride, and Kennedy returned to the house glad to drop down in an easy chair on the porch, while Elaine hovered about him solicitously.

They summoned the country doctor, but it took him some time to get out to the house. Suddenly a messenger boy rode up on his bicycle and mounted the porch steps. "Telegram for Mr. Kennedy," he announced, looking about and picking out Craig naturally as the person he wanted.

Kennedy nodded and took the yellow envelope while Elaine signed for it. Listlessly he tore it open. It read:

Craig Kennedy,
Care Wellington Brown,
Rockledge, N. Y.

Jameson very ill. Wants you. Better come. Johnson.

The message seemed to rouse Kennedy in spite of his fever. His face showed keen alarm, which he endeavorded to conceal from Elaine. But her quick eye had caught the look.

"I must see Walter," he exclaimed, rising rather weakly and going into the house.

How he ever did it is still, I think, a mystery to him, but he managed to pack up and, in spite of the alternating fever and chills, make the journey back to the city.

When at last Craig arrived at our apartment, it must have seemed to him that he found me almost at death's door.

Ill himself, Kennedy threw himself down for a moment, exhausted. "When did this thing come on, Walter?" he asked of Johnson.

"Yesterday, I think, as nearly as I can find out," replied our friend.

Craig was decidedly worried. "There's only one person in New York to call on," he murmured, pulling himself out of bed and getting into the living room as best he could.

"Is that you, Godowski?" he asked over the telephone. "Well, doctor, this is Kennedy. Come over to my apartment, quick. I've a case—two cases, for you."

Godowski was a world-famous scientist in his line and had specialized in bacteriology, mainly in tropical diseases.

As Kennedy hung up the receiver he made his way back again to the bedroom, scratching his ear. He noticed that I was doing the same in my delirium.

"Has Walter been scratching his ear?" he asked of Johnson.

Johnson nodded. "That's strange," considered Craig, thoughtfully. "I've been doing the same."

He turned back into the living room and for a moment looked about. Finally his eye happened to fall on the telephone and an idea seemed to occur to him.

He went over to the instrument and unscrewed the receiver. Carefully he looked inside. Then he looked closer. There was something peculiar about it and he picked up a blank sheet of white paper, dusting off the diphragm on it. There, on the paper, were innumerable little black specks.

Just then, outside, Doctor Godowski's car drew up and he jumped out, swinging his black bag. Not being acquainted with what we were going through, Godowski did not notice the almond-eyed Chinaman who was watching down the street.

"How do you do, doctor?" greeted Craig faintly, at the door.

"What seems to be the difficulty?" inquired the doctor eagerly.

"I don't know," returned Craig, "but I have my suspicions. I'm too ill to verify them myself, so I've called on you. Look at Jameson first," he added.

While Godowski was examining me, Craig managed to get out his microscope and was looking through it at the strange black specks on the paper. There, under the lens, he could see the most remarkable, almost microscopic creature, all legs and feelers, a most vicious object.

Weak though he was, he could not help an exclamation of exultation at his discovery, just as Godowski had finished with me.

"Look!" he cried, calling the doctor. "I know what the trouble is, Godowski."

He had started to tell, but the excitement of the journey and the exertion were so great that he could hardly mumble.

"Here—look—on this paper," he cried. "From the telephone—"

He had risen and was handing the paper to the scientist when his weakness overcame him. He fell flat on his face on the floor and dropped the paper, spilling the contents.

Godowski, now thoroughly alarmed, bent over Craig. But the delirium had overcome Kennedy, too.

Unable to make any sense out of Craig's broken wanderings, Godowski lost no time in taking samples of our blood.

Then he hurried away to his laboratory in his car. As he did so, however, Long Sin leaped into a taxicab which was waiting, and followed.

* * * * * * *

In Godowski's laboratory, where he was studying tropical diseases, the bacteriologist set to work at once to confirm his own growing suspicions.

From a monkey which he had there for experimenal purposes, he drew off some blood samples. Then, with the aid of his assistant, he took the blood samples he had obtained from us. The monkey's blood, under the microscope, seemed full of rather elongated, wriggling germs, of a peculiar species. In and out they made their way among the blood corpuscles, each like a dart aimed at life itself.

Then he took the samples of our blood. In them were the same germs—carried by that gruesome tick!

"The spirillum!" he muttered. "They are infected with African recurrent fever. The only remedy is atoxyl, administered intravenously, after the manner of Professor Ehrlich's famous '606.'"

Godowski had rung the call box hastily for a messenger, when Long Sin, who had managed stealthily to creep up to the doctor's laboratory window, scowled through at the action—then moved away.

While his assistant gathered the apparatus, the doctor wrote:

Miss Anne Septix,
301 W. ——th St.:

Please go at once to the apartment of Craig Kennedy, —— Claremont Ave. Surgical case.

GODOWSKI, M. D.

The boy arrived finally and the doctor gave him a generous tip, to hurry with the note.

He had turned the corner, however, when Long Sin appeared. Subtly he played on the boy's cupidity to get him to deliver a note of his own—even offered to deliver the boy's note for him. The flash of a five dollar bill made the rest easy.

As the boy disappeared on a fake errand, Long Sin, with the real note, hurried downtown, smiling wickedly.

"They have discovered the fever, master," he reported in the den.

Wu was beside himself with rage. Before he could speak, however, Long Sin spread out Godowski's message. "But I have this," he added.

It took merely a glance to suggest to Wu a new plan of action. He rose and moved quickly into the back room. "Come," he ordered Weepy Mary. "You must dress up as a nurse—immediately." Quickly she donned one of the numerous disguises, while Wu planned his campaign.

"Here," he directed when she was ready, handing her a little vial. "You must infect every instrument the doctor uses on Kennedy and Jameson—see?"

She nodded, and a moment later was on her way uptown.

* * * * * * *

Meanwhile Godowski himself had arrived at our apartment, much to the relief of our friend Johnson, and was unpacking his instruments.

Quickly he improvised two operating tables and placed one of us on each. Then, with his assistant, he put on his white robe, mask, gloves and other precautions for asepsis, setting out the apparatus for the intravenous administration of the drug that would kill the spirillum.

They had finished their preparations and were waiting for Miss Septix. "She ought to be here now," muttered Godowski impatiently, looking at his watch.

Just then a cab drove up outside.

"Perhaps that is she!" he exclaimed. "It must be."

A few moments later the door of the apartment opened. His face showed his disappointment. It was a stranger.

"Miss Septix is ill," she introduced, "and sent me to take her place."

The doctor looked about. "Very well, then," he said briskly, seeing his preparations. "Are you ready to go ahead?"

She nodded and threw off the coat that covered her immaculate white uniform.

The specialist plunged whole-heartedly into his work of saving us now. "Hand me that needle, please," he directed the false nurse.

She moved over to the table near by and took it up, pausing only long enough to dip it secretly into a vial she carried with her.

"Please hurry," repeated the doctor.

She turned from the table and handed it to him. He adjusted it and already held it poised for the thrust which was not to cure but to poison us further.

"Weepy Mary!" cried a frightened voice at our door.

* * * * * * *

Elaine had been deeply alarmed by the sudden illness of Kennedy and the message from Jameson. No sooner had Kennedy gone than it flashed over her that Wu Fang had predicted something like this.

"The threat!" she exclaimed, seeking her cousin. "Mary, I must go to the city—right away."

On the next train, then, she had been speeding back to New York.

One glance at the improvised hospital was enough to alarm her. But the sight that had transfixed her was of a woman whose face she remembered well, though Kennedy and I had never seen her.

"Please, Miss," began Godowski's assistant, trying to quiet Elaine, while Godowski turned in vexation to his work.

"No, no!" repeated Elaine. "This woman is no nurse. She is a criminal!"

Godowski paused. It was true he did not know the woman. He gazed from Elaine to Weepy Mary in doubt.

The game was up. Weepy Mary dropped a piece of gauze which she had soaked in the solution from the vial which Wu had given her and bolted for the door.

So sudden was her flight that no one was quick enough to stop her.

The excitement, more than ever, alarmed Elaine now. "Tell me," she appealed to Doctor Godowski, "what is the matter?"

"In some way," he replied quickly, "they have become infected with the bite of an African tick which carries spirillum fever."

Godowski raised his hands in despair. "I was just about to start," he cried. "Everything is ready. I can't send for another nurse. Every minute counts."

Elaine had thrown off her coat and hat. Her sleeves were up in a moment, and before the doctor knew what she was about she was scrubbing her hands in the antiseptic wash.

"Only—show me—what to do," she cried. "I will be the nurse!"

Several days later, when he had recovered sufficiently from the diabolical attack that had been made upon us, Kennedy was again at work in the laboratory, while I was writing.

Our speaking tube sounded, and I knew that it was Elaine and Aunt Josephine.

"How do you feel?" inquired Elaine anxiously, as she almost ran across the laboratory to Craig.

"Fine!" he exaggerated, brightly.

"Really?" she repeated anxiously.

"Look!" he said, turning to his microscope.

He turned some blood from a test tube in our electric incubator and placed a drop on a slide. It was some of the blood infected by the germs carried by the tick.

"That is how our blood looked—before the new nurse arrived," he smiled, while Elaine looked at it in horror.

Then he pricked his arm and let a drop smear on another slide.

"Now look at that—perfectly normal," he added.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she exclaimed radiantly.

"Normal—thanks to you. You saved us. You were just in time," cried Craig, taking both her hands in his.

He was about to kiss her, when she broke away. "Craig," she whispered, blushing and looking hastily at us.

Aunt Josephine and I could only smile at the disgusted glance Craig gave us, as he thrust his hands in his pockets and wished us a thousand miles away at that moment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOUSEHOLD CARES

Tax the Women of Bellefonte the Same as Elsewhere.

Hard to attend to household duties
With a constantly aching back.
A woman should not have a bad back,
And she seldom would if the kidneys were well.

Doan's Kidney Pills are endorsed by thousands.

Have been used in kidney trouble over 50 years.

Read what this Bellefonte woman says:

Mrs. J. T. Gordon, 130 E. Beaver St., Bellefonte, says: "I had backache and a dull, constant ache across my loins. I was in misery at times and in the morning was sore and lame. I dreaded to begin my housework. Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Parrish's Drug Store, made my kidneys normal and relieved the backache. I have had no return of the trouble. Another in my family has also found great benefit from Doan's Kidney Pills."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Gordon had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo N. Y.

Baptist Day.

All arrangements have been completed for the fifth annual outing and picnic of the Baptist Center association, to be held at Lakemont park, Friday, July 23. There are twenty-nine churches in the Centre association extending from Johnstown to Eagleville, Pa., and Ebensburg to Boswell and Lewistown, embracing the whole or part of five counties. A full program for the day is given beginning with a service of song and devotion at 10.30 a. m., conducted by Rev. A. J. Bowser of Bellwood president of the Baptist day committee. Pastors from the association will bring inspiring messages at this service.

Meals will be served on the grounds making it very convenient for any who do not wish to bring their baskets to get a good meal at a reasonable price. An hour of pleasure is in store for both young and old from 1 to 2 p. m.

At 2.15 Rev. J. E. Narcross of Shady Avenue Baptist church, Pittsburgh, will deliver his address on "Things That Have Made Me Smile." He is well known as a speaker throughout the state and will give a helpful and timely message.

Baptists and friends everywhere are invited to all of the day's pleasure and fellowship. A baseball game is being arranged for at 4 p. m.

John P. Hite Dead.

John P. Hite, a native of Centre county but for the past fifteen years a resident of Altoona, died on Saturday morning at the home of his son, John, at Altoona, after an illness of several weeks. He was born June 10, 1840, and followed farming, retiring and removing to Altoona in 1900. He was married fifty-three years ago, his wife preceding him to the grave six years ago. He is survived by three sons, D. L. of Lemont, and J. W. and J. I., of Altoona one daughter, Mrs. Nannie Shaw, of Altoona; and one sister, Mrs. John Williams, of Johnstown.

Domesticated Geography.

You can wander around Metz (Indiana), and Gibraltar (Pennsylvania), and Belgrade (Missouri), and Dunkirk (Maryland) without being shot as a spy. If more scholarly associations beckon, what say you to London (Texas), Stratford (Connecticut), Oxford (Idaho), Heidelberg (Mississippi) and Cambridge (Maine)? If you love art and architecture, hie away to Milan (Tennessee), Florence (Utah), Vienna (South Dakota), or Versailles (Kentucky). And if you seek the antique flavor of Athens, or Pompeii, or Venice, or any other venerable ruin—

But what's the use? We have it all in America; just run over the map and take your choice. Geography is the finest of indoor sports this year, anyhow.

Barrels of Booty.

Sol. Sodbuster—Hear about the robbery down t' th' 5 an' 10-cent store last night?

Hiram Hayrack—Nope. D'they git much?

Sol. Sudbuster—Yep. They was in there two hours and carried away nearly a dollar's wuth o' goods.—Puck.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 in advance.

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HEARD AT DELIVERY DESK

Librarian Is Frequently the Recipient of Confidences That Are Distinctly of Private Nature.

"My husband's been sick, and he ain't well enough yet to do more'n lie on the sofa and read," a brisk matron explained lately to the librarian of a small city. "He likes travel books best. He's finished up the north pole and the south pole; now I'd like to take him something about the discovery of the equator."

Although the librarian was unable to comply with the request precisely in the way the matron expected, at least she had no difficulty in understanding what was wanted. Sometimes much more reasonable inquiries are so worded as to test to the utmost the ingenuity and imagination of the willing but bewildered provider of literature. A member of the staff of the St. Louis public library records a few examples:

"The Sphinx and Pyrenees," was readily rectified to the "Sphinx and Pyramids;" the description of a painting by "Remembrance" was, after a little thought, produced—although the artist was Rembrandt; a natural history book on "Knowing, Inveterate and Cavernous Animals" was interpreted satisfactorily as one upon animals that are gnawing, invertebrate or carnivorous. Even the boy who demanded a thrilling tale entitled, "Fighting With the Hi-Hos" was not disappointed. He received "Riflemen of the Ohio."

With the frequenters of the children's room, who so often seek advice and assistance, the friendly librarian is frequently on confidential terms—so much so that unexpected domestic revelations are occasionally made. Joe, a constant borrower, inquired anxiously one Saturday:

"Missus, how much will I have to pay if I keep my book until Monday?"

"You book is due today," he was told, "but you have an hour's time before the library closes. Why don't you go home and get it?"

"Can't," said Joe.

"Why can't you?" persisted the attendant.

"'Cause," said Joe, "I'll get a bath if I do."—Youth's Companion.

WHEN SUN "DRAWS WATER"

Some Erroneous Ideas That Seem to Have Taken a Firm Hold on the People's Imagination.

When the sun is to the east or west of us on a cloudy or hazy day, beams are often seen radiating from it toward the horizon; then many people say the sun is "drawing water." They actually believe that the lines of light and shadow appearing to converge in the sun are great shafts of water and the vapor that the sun is drawing up into the air to be precipitated later on the earth as rain or snow. These shafts as a matter of fact are generally indicative of coming rainy weather, but they cannot be counted on as infallible signs.

The idea that the sun is "drawing water," however, is entirely erroneous, for the lines seen are the result of the passage of light through openings in clouds already formed. The lines that appear dark are shadows of clouds while the light lines are rays from the sun made visible in the air by the presence therein of dust or watery vapor, just as the dust in the air of a room makes visible the light that enters it through small apertures. —The Pathfinder.

Making It Emphatic.

She sailed into the telegraph office and rapped on the counter. As the clerk came forward to meet her he remembered that she had been there about ten minutes before. He wondered what she wanted this time.

"Oh," she said, "let me have that telegram I wrote just now; I forgot something very important. I wanted to underscore 'perfectly lovely' in acknowledging the receipt of that bracelet. Will it cost anything extra?"

"No, ma'am," said the clerk, as he handed her the message.

The young lady drew two heavy lines beneath the words, and said:

"It's awfully good of you to let me do that. It will please Arthur ever so much."—Youth's Companion.

Crowding In.

How many fares may be crowded into a jitney at one time? The night is dark and stormy. It is a long way home. Six little playmates, three young men and three young women are waiting on a corner to catch the first jitney home. Along breezes a five-passenger car. One of the five seats is occupied by the driver. Now we leave it to you, gentle reader. Is the party to be split up? Are three to stand there in the downpour until the next jitney happens along, or are the young men to forget their own comfort for the nonce and hold the storm-bound young women on their knees? It is opportunities like this that keep Cupid busy.—Jane Dixon, in New York Sun.

The Humble Toiler.

"You must put your shoulder to the wheel in this campaign," said the alert manager.

"I understand that," said the obscure but willing worker. "But you want to let me know when you're going to change your mind about going ahead. The last time I put my shoulder to the wheel the band wagon suddenly backed up and over me."—Washington Star.

COURTESY ON TELEPHONE

No Reason Why It Should Be Forgotten Because One May Be in a Hurry.

"I thought the telephone was a most informal instrument," objected one girl to another who had spoken of telephone etiquette.

"Etiquette," said the other, "is simply courtesy, and naturally one can be as courteous over the telephone as anywhere else, but how many of us are?"

It certainly is exasperating to be given a wrong number; but to speak in a sharp, angry tone to the person who answers the phone under such circumstances is as unjust as it is impolite. Instead of rudely requesting him to "ring off," you should say, "I beg your pardon," as if you really meant it.

Many women have an exasperating way of asking, "Who is this?" when someone answers their call whose voice they do not recognize. Always ask for the person you want to speak to, and mention who wants her.

In talking to business people be brief as possible, for their time is valuable. Girls who have the telephone habit should be made to realize that it is most embarrassing for employees to be called to the phone during business hours unless the message is very important, and that an employer is not pleased, to say the least, when he sees his clerks wasting his time talking social matters over the telephone.

Don't impose upon your friends' good nature by telephoning from house or office without offering to pay for the call. Above all else, when you phone "cut it short." It is difficult to realize that pleasure can be had from gossiping into a hole in the wall, but it is a temptation to many. Say what you have to say and get through with it. Don't keep the wire occupied with aimless chatter when, perhaps, it is urgently needed for an important message.

AS TO DIRT AND DISEASE

Words Have Been Considered Synonymous, but Science Has Proved the Contrary.

"Fathers and mothers lucky enough to have both boys and girls know how clean the girls keep themselves and how the boys disregard dirt. From earliest childhood the little girl's hands and face are washed, and she evades dress stains, combs her hair and tries to look nice. But every normal boy, up to the age of fourteen, revels in dirt and looks forward to the Saturday night bath with virtuous contempt or dread. But boys do not suffer infectious diseases as much as girls. This was brought out in an investigation made of 8,900 children of all ages and sexes. We requested the mothers themselves to report what diseases their children had had. Girls had had more infections than boys of the same age. This goes to support the modern view that dirt and disease have no necessary relation. It is not the dirt boys revel in that does harm. It is the germs in other people's bodies that should be dreaded. The girls encounter infection more than the boys because they are more sociable, meet other children more, and associate with them more intimately than boys do."—Doctor Hill.

Helpful Suggestion.

The costumier came forward to attend to the nervous old beau who was mopping his bald and shining poll with a big silk handkerchief.

"And what can I do for you?" he asked.

"I want a little help in the way of a suggestion," said the old fellow. "I intend going to the French students' masquerade ball tonight, and I want a distinctly original costume — something I may be sure no one else will wear. What would you suggest?"

The costumier looked him over attentively, bestowing special notice on the gleaming nob.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said then, thoughtfully, "why don't you sugar your head and go as a pill?"—Tid-Bits.

Vin Ordinaire.

Why, how do you do? Haven't seen you in a long time. How are you? That's good. Yes, I'm well. You're looking fine. No need to ask you how you are. Yes, I've been well all along. Hope you have. You certainly look it. No, I wouldn't say that unless I meant it. Yes, I feel first rate. I never felt better. I'm mighty glad to see you looking so well. You weren't feeling so good at one time, were you? No, neither was I. But I feel fine now. I certainly never saw you looking better. I'm glad you think I look well. Of course, you never know. I really am feeling first rate. Anybody could see you're well—

Etc., etc., etc.—Life.

Have a Good Bed.

In Farm and Fireside a contributor, writing a practical article about mattresses and other provisions for beds, makes the following general comment:

"In furnishing a home the housewife should give most careful thought to the beds and their equipment. We spend at least a third of our lives in bed, and it is worth while to make that third pleasant and refreshing. The best mattresses and springs are none too good when one is storing up strength for some work. Besides, as is the case with most household purchases, the best are really the cheapest in the end."

In starting on the track the novice should hold himself as erect as possible, without, however, leaning at all backward, the arms at the sides, with the forearms in a horizontal position, at right angles to the part of the arms above the elbows. He should have a feeling of being "well balanced on his pins."

The weight must be kept on the heels —therein lies the chief secret of walking fairly. Speed depends on two factors, the length and the frequency of the stride. Experiments prove that the length of the stride becomes greater as the frequency increases.

Arm action should be carefully cultivated. Properly used, the arms seem to act as levers to lift forward the body, besides helping to balance it. In each stride one foot should be always on the ground and at same moment of the stride some part of both feet should be on the ground simultaneously—that is, the first necessity. Second in importance is to have the walk "heel and toe"—that is, the heel of each foot should strike the ground unmistakably first and the toe of each foot should be the last part to leave it. One should not walk flat footed, with the ball of the foot or any part except the heel striking the ground before the heel does. Lastly, the knee should be "locked" at the end of each stride—the grounded leg should be stiff and taut as the loose leg swings out for the next stride.—Outing.

Kills Pesky Bed Bugs P. D. Q.

A 25c. box of P. D. Q. makes a full quart of the strongest bug killer on earth.

The new chemical, P. D. Q. Pesky Devil's Quietus — puts the everlasting to bed-bugs, roaches, ants and fleas. Pesky bed-bugs can't exist where P. D. Q. is used, as it leaves a coating on their eggs and prevents hatching.

A box of P. D. Q. goes farther than a barrel of old-fashion bug killer. P. D. Q. will not rot or stain clothing, kills fleas on dogs. Sold by Druggists, or mailed upon receipt of 25c. by the O. C. Company, Terre Haute, Ind.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

THE OLD MASTERS.

Paintings Without Signatures Are Judged by Their Technic.

It appears that many of the works of the old masters are not signed. Experts rarely rely on signatures alone in determining the authenticity of an old work, but trust rather to their knowledge of the painter's technic, says the Philadelphia Record.

False signatures can be easily detected. Spirits of wine or turpentine will usually remove a name of later date than the painting. In the course of time signatures often become very difficult to find. Painted originally in a shade slightly lighter than the ground, perhaps, they sink in, darken, and merge into the ground color or they are almost rubbed away by successive cleanings. Recognizable one day in a specially favorable light, they may not be visible again for weeks.

Experts speak of "will-o'-the-wisp" signatures, and many collectors have encountered accidental strokes and cracks that tantalizingly suggest a signature, though it can never be made definite. On the other hand, there have been remarkable cases of such marks, after careful study, resolving themselves into a famous name.

Sometimes the painter's name is most conspicuous as, for example, in Raphael's "Sposalizio" at Milan. Proud of having surpassed his master, the youthful genius wrote on a frieze in the very center of the canvas, "Raphael Urbinas."

Reynolds hardly ever signed his work. But upon the completion of the portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, he wrote his name large on the gold embroidery of her dress. He was unable, he said, "to resist the temptation of sending my name to posterity on the hem of your garment."

Excluded.

Ascum—Well, well! I congratulate you, old man. And how is the baby to be named? Popley—By my wife's people, it seems.—Exchange.

For a mild, easy action of the bowels, try Doan's Regulets, a modern laxative, 25c at all stores.

The First National Bank,

Bellefonte, Penna.

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The best Roofing we know of, also

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in various colors to imitate real wood; it needs no paint. We have for sale cheap, a lot of used machinery, Engines, shop soiled Sash Doors, Moulding etc.

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Clement Dale,
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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2.20 and 6:35 P. M.

Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3.06 and 8:36 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD
On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1914 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M.
Lv	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.05
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.12
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.32
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.36
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.36	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	A. M.	4	
Lv	Pine Grove Mill	7.35	.....	f 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	12.00n	f 5.03
	Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.00
	Waddles	8.20	12.00	f 5.25
	Briarly	f 8.24	.....	5.27
	Fillmore	f 8.28	f 12.28	f 5.35
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	12.40	f 5.58
	Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	f 6.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 2 and 6 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 35 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

EAT ANYTHING, ANYTIME!

Relieve that after-dinner distress, remove the cause of lassitude, drowsiness and headache, the symptoms of INDIGESTION, take nature's remedy

SEVEN BARKS

It quickly clears the system by its natural tonic action on the bowels, and restores vigor to a weary stomach. Clears the blood and eradicates Uric Acid. Price 50 cents a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,

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The Main Thing About FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amoun o really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 Travel Policy at $12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa

Real Estate Bought and Sold,
RENTS COLLECTED.

Here and There.

Mrs. W. R. Jenkins departed yesterday for Harrisburg.

Mrs. Thomas Toner departed on Monday for Philipsburg to visit with friends.

J. Grier Foresman, Jr. of Philadelphia, is a guest at the home of Mrs. Louisa Bush.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Bigler and daughter, of Clearfield, were Old Home Week visitors.

Al Richards, editor of the Philipsburg "Ledger", was a business visitor in town between trains on Monday.

Miss Marie Crane, of Chicago, Ill., is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Elizabeth Potter, of East Linn Street.

Mrs. James Davis and little son, of Tyrone, are visiting here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Gherrity.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McGowan are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a little daughter at their home last week.

A party of eight young folks from Lewistown will motor to Bellefonte tomorrow to attend the dance in the Bush Arcade.

Miss Myra Humes leaves on Saturday for Atlantic City, accompanied by Miss Mary Ann McGill. They will stay at the Strand.

Dr. J. M. Brockerhoff and Miss Mary Brockerhoff recently entertained Mrs. Frank Mullen and daughter, who motored to Bellefonte.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Thompson and two sons, John and George, Jr., spent Old Home Week at the home of Mrs. Louisa Bush.

Wallace Lytle, formerly a resident of Scotia, for several years past living at Jersey Shore, was a visitor in town during Old Home Week.

Mrs. Ross A. Hickok left this week for Harrisburg to return with Mr. Hickok in their car on Friday and go from here with their children to Bedford.

The Lauderbach-Barber Co. last week handled a car load of very choice watermelons. They were of such a high grade that the entire lot was quickly disposed of.

Mr. and Mrs. Hile, of Boston, Mass., who have been at the Bush House for several weeks on account of Mr. Hile's health, yesterday went to State College for a brief stay.

The Misses Martha Shoemaker, Katherine Love, Mildred Locke, Katherine Allison and Katherine Beaver, chaperoned by Miss Christine Curry, are spending the week at Potters Mills.

Miss Grace Mitchell, who has been spending the summer here with her father, Mr. Isaac Mitchell, departed last Friday for Burnham where she is the guest of her brother and Mrs. Joseph D. Mitchell.

Isaac Miller, of Philadelphia, spent a day last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Miller, at the toll-gate nearby town. He was enroute to the Panama Exposition at San Francisco, California.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. McClain returned in their car to Spangler on Sunday, taking with them Mrs. Blackburn, Miss Daisy Brisbin and Miss Katherine Brisbin, who will be guests for a week at the McClain home.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Walker and Mrs. T. F. VanScoyoc and daughter Virginia, of Tyrone, motored to Curtin on Sunday and attended services at the old Eagle Chapel and later were entertained at the home of Mrs. J. B. Curtin.

Dr. and Mrs. Thornly figured in a motor accident while driving on the Snow Shoe mountain road a few nights ago. Another car crashed into them, badly damaging both machines. Fortunately the occupants of both cars escaped without injury.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth T. McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clay McCormick, each in their cars and with guests, motored to Bellefonte from Williamsport, stopping over here enroute to Bedford from which place they will go to Maine. They were here on Wednesday during Old Home Week and expressed great admiration for the industrial parade displays.

An auction bridge contest between Lock Haven and Bellefonte teams was held at the Country Club on Tuesday afternoon, with Bellefonte as hostess to eight players, four score keepers and a referee from here and eight players from Lock Haven. The contest was from three until seven o'clock. Lock Haven won. A return game will be played at Lock Haven on August 31st.

Mrs. Martha Morrison and Mrs. Anna Palmer, of Nevada, Ohio, were guests of Mrs. Satterfield during Old Home Week. They were school-mates of Mrs. Satterfield over fifty years ago and had not seen one another for probably forty-eight years. They left Centre County in 1867 and this was their first visit since that time. Naturally they were unable to locate many of their associates of younger days. They are daughters of Thomas and Martha Kendall, the former having passed away three years ago at the age of 96 years. Mrs. Kendall died at the age of 83 years. They were accompanied here by Mr. John Meese and Mrs. Samuel Houser, of Upper Sandusky, Ohio. Mrs. Satterfield also entertained guests from Philadelphia, State College, Boalsburg and Lock Haven.

Allen and Augusta Shoemaker went to Ebensburg on Monday for a brief visit.

Henry Brockerhoff, of Philadelphia, is here for a visit at the Brockerhoff home.

John Van Pelt is spending a week along the trout streams of Potter County.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. G. E. Hawes visited in Harrisburg from Saturday until Tuesday.

Miss Ruth and Malcom Kerstetter, of Harrisburg, are visiting at the H. C. Yeager home.

Former County Treasurer George G. Fink, of Martha, was among the throng in town to see the elephant during Old Home Week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Ward Fleming, of Philipsburg, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter on Saturday, July 3d.

George Stevenson, of Waddle, has been appointed road foreman and has begun repair work on the State higway from Bellefonte to Gray's church.

State Senator Miller, of Madera, and Representative Harry B. Scott, of Philipsburg, were among the Old Home Week visitors in Bellefonte.

A marriage license was issued at Hollidaysburg last week to Joseph Blair Williams, of Orviston, and Miss Agnes Eldora Harren, of Duncansville.

Charles Batcheler, of Philipsburg, has been appointed a State game warden for Centre County. Frank Osmer, a former Bellefonte boy, has been appointed a warden in Cambria County.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Furst and children, who visited over Old Home Week with Mrs. Caroline C. Furst, on West Linn Street, returned on Tuesday to their home in Overbrook.

Captain Wm. H. Brown, of Troop L, N. G. P., is now engaged in hiring horses for use at the annual encampment to be held at Mt. Gretna. The Troop will leave for camp the latter part of next week.

Squire Vinton Beckwith, of near Martha, was a business visitor in town between trains on Tuesday. The broad smile which he wore may be explained by the fact that his peach orchard gives promise of a 500-bushel yield this year.

Centre County friends will be interested to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Christian O. Peterson, of Tottenville, New York, have gone to Old Orchard, Maine, for the summer. Mrs. Peterson will be recalled as formerly Miss Angeline Decker, of Lemont.

Mrs. M. J. Tate and daughter, Miss Jennie Tate, of Curwensville, visited here during Old Home Week with the former's son, Dr. H. W. Tate. Mrs. Tate is well advanced in years, but she enjoys remarkably good health and takes a lively interest in all that transpires.

At Tyrone, on July 2d, Ralph Struble, a mail agent on the Pittsburgh division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Miss Celia McClinsey, of Bellefonte, were married by Rev. E. G. Sawyer, pastor of the United Brethren church. The bride is a sister of Mrs. Jacob Grove, of Tyrone.

The fifteenth annual Reformed reunion will be held at Hecla Park, July 20th. The usual train service will prevail. A special train will leave Bellefonte at 8 a. m. The morning address will be delivered by the Rev. Raymond R. Jones, of Centre Hall. Special music will be rendered by a ladies' orchestra.

Jessie Stewart, a former Centre Countian, was among the Old Home Week visitors. Mr. Stewart resided on Willowbank Street and was engaged as a stone mason while in Bellefonte. He now resides in the West. His visit here last week was the first he had made in twenty-five years.

Among the Old Home Week visitors were Mr. and Mrs. William Wood and daughters, Misses Rena and Beatrice, of Osceola Mills, who motored to Bellefonte with Samuel Isenberg in the latter's car. Mr. Wood is an Overseer of the Poor in Rush Township and is a candidate for re-election this year.

The Ben Tate camping crew last Saturday pitched their tents along Fishing Creek, expecting to remain until the close of the trout season, July 31st. George Meek also established his camp along Fishing Creek last week. Owing to high water that noted stream has not been very attractive to anglers during the last few weeks.

Two very genial and welcome visitors in town during Old Home Week were Major and Mrs. Robert A. Cassidy, of Canton, Ohio. Time deals generously with Major Cassidy. The passing years seemingly to him are but a passing incident, for he possesses the same sprightly step and genial, jolly manner as of old. His coming back for Old Home Week was greatly enjoyed by him and also by a host of admiring friends.

A large public dance will be held in the Armory on the evening of Thursday, July 22d, the music for which will probably be the finest heard in this section for a long time past. The O. S. Wright Saxophone Orchestra, of Columbus, Ohio, has been engaged for the occasion and will come here from Louisville, Kentucky, after filling a dance engagement at that place. The members of the orchestra play all kinds of instruments and are noted for the high standard of music furnished for large dances. The subscription rate will be $2.00 per couple. There will be an admission fee of 50 cents for persons who do not dance but who may care to be present to look on and hear the music.

A very pretty electrical fountain has been installed at the big spring.

Miss Grace Marvin and Miss Florence Lamb are visiting with friends at Loganton.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Shuey will leave Friday for a two weeks fishing trip to Canada.

Mrs. Harriet Bellringer and children are boarding at the Academy for a month.

Mrs. Charles Gilmour was an arrival home Saturday after a month's visit in the South.

Major Frederick Dale leaves for Washington on Sunday on business pertaining to his post.

Mrs. G. S. Dumont and Miss Sadie Keenan, of New York City, are guests at the Bush House.

Surveyor of the Port Charles R. Kurtz, of Philadelphia, was a visitor here during Old Home Week.

Miss Elizabeth Walker departed yesterday for Harrisburg to visit with Mr. and Mrs. J. Pattison Cox.

Mrs. Joseph Minon and child and Miss Hattie Miller, of Scotdale, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Miller.

Mrs. Harriet Kurtz has returned from Florida after a visit of several weeks and has apartments at the Brockerhoff House.

Miss Madeline Shiff, of London, England, was an arrival here last Saturday and is the guest of Mrs. William Wallis.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Vandevender, of Baltimore, spent several days here last week with the former's grandmother, Mrs. Elliott.

Miss Frances Elmore returned on Tuesday to her home in Pittsburgh after spending a week here at the W. B. Rankin home.

Miss Annie Miller is spending her vacation at her home at Salona. Miss Marie Doll is taking her place in the office of Dr. R. G. H. Hayes.

Mrs. Nicols and daughter, Miss Clare Nicols, will be at the Bush House for the remainder of the summer. Miss Nicols has formed a class in voice culture.

Mr. and Mrs. John Swan departed on Monday for New York City where Mr. Swan has accepted a position. He was formerly engaged on work at the new penitentiary.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas K. Morris entertained on Tuesday of last week at the Country Club for their guest, Mr. Wood, of Pittsburgh, who visited here over the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Moore, who were at the Country Club for two weeks, motored here on Tuesday and spent several hours before continuing on their return trip to North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, of New York, motored from Detroit, Michigan, last week, arriving here on Sunday for a brief visit with Mrs. Bishop's aunt, Mrs. Bishop was formerly Miss Bertha Schaffner, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Mary Hull Dead.

Mrs. Mary Hull died at her late home in Bellefonte on Thursday morning, July 8th, at 10 o'clock, her death being due to acute indigestion and pneumonia. Several days prior to her passing away she suffered a relapse, and while she rallied at times her advanced age rather precluded any hope of her recovery. Funeral services were held from St. John's Catholic church on Monday morning, Rev. Father Caprio officiating. The deceased was aged 76 years, having been born at Howard November 5th, 1839. Her maiden name was Mary Flack. She was a daughter of Thomas and Katherine Flack. In 1857 she married Joseph Hull. Surviving are these children: Harry, of DuBois; Mrs. H. C. Baney, of Niagara Falls; Arthur, of Tyrone; Mary, Herbert, Fred and Mrs. W. W. Bickett, all of Bellefonte. There survive also these sisters and brothers: Mrs. Harlen Saylor, Miss Katie Flack, William and Harry Flack, all of Bellefonte. Mrs. Hull was an estimable woman, admired and respected by a wide host of friends and by all who knew her intimately her death is sincerely mourned.

W. J. Copenhaver Dead.

Walter John Copenhaver of Bald Eagle, died last Sunday afternoon of an abcess of the brain. Deceased is survived by his wife, Mrs. Myrtle Copenhaver, and four children as follows: Russell Marie, Merrill, Amelia. He is also survived by his mother and the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. W. A. Lewis, Tyrone; Mrs. W. A. Thomas, Northwood; Mrs. C. F. Bryan, Lock Haven; Mrs. R. H. Houser, Snow Shoe; Harry, Joseph and Howard, at home; Mrs. George Miller, of Tyrone; Mrs. Bertha Armstrong, of East Pittsburgh.

Mr. Copenhaver was born in Taylor township about 34 years ago and always resided in that vicinity. He was a farmer and was held in high esteem by all who knew him. Funeral services were held at the Bald Eagle church, Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock. Interment at Bald Eagle.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stacey Dead.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stacey died last Saturday morning at her late home at Tyrone aged 77 years, 5 months and 18 days. She was the widow of the late John Stacey, who died in 1904. Before removing to Tyrone she and her husband resided at Scotia.

Dr. Hawes at Harrisburg.

The Harrisburg "Evening Telegraph" on Monday published the following:—Large congregations greeted Dr. George Edward Hawes, the Bellefonte pasto who has been extended a call to the pulpit of the Market Square Presbyterian church, at both services yesterday. While Dr. Hawes has had the call under consideration for some time he has not yet indicated his intentions with respect to it. It is likely, however, that he will reach a decision within a few days now that he has been here and occupied the pulpit to which he has been given a call.

Dr. Hawes made a most favorable impression at both services and his presence his delivery and the treatment of the subjects of his discourses evoked all manner of praise from the members of the congregation and the many visitors who heard him. He has an attractive personality and is a ready speaker, his fluency in both sermons being the subject of comment. During his stay yesterday he visited the Bible classes of the Sunday school and met many members of the congregation. Quite a number called upon Dr. and Mrs. Hawes at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Fleming on Saturday evening.

While the pastor-elect pleased all who heard him, Mrs. Hawes likewise won the favor of all by the cordiality of her manner. Officers of the Market Square congregation were more than pleased with the large midsummer attendance.

State Students in Camp.

Ten students of military science at the Pennsylvania State College are attending the government summer camps conducted by army officers at Plattsburg, N. Y., and San Francisco. Lieutenant A. D. Chaffin, U. S. A., commandant of the Penn State cadet regiment, has arranggd for the students to receive advanced military instruction from July 5 to August 8. In the delegation from the State College were several freshmen, who will be excused from sophomore drill at the college.

Union Vesper Service.

The Union vesper services this summer will begin next Sunday evening, July 18th, at seven o'clock, sharp. The services will be held on the plaza in front of the new High School building. The singing books of last year will be used. The first service will be conducted by Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church. "Let us worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

BELLEFONTE

Chautauqua

July 24 to 30, 1915

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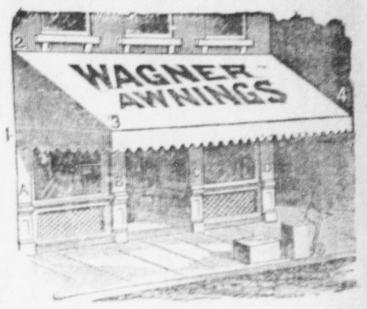

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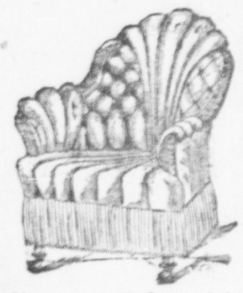

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